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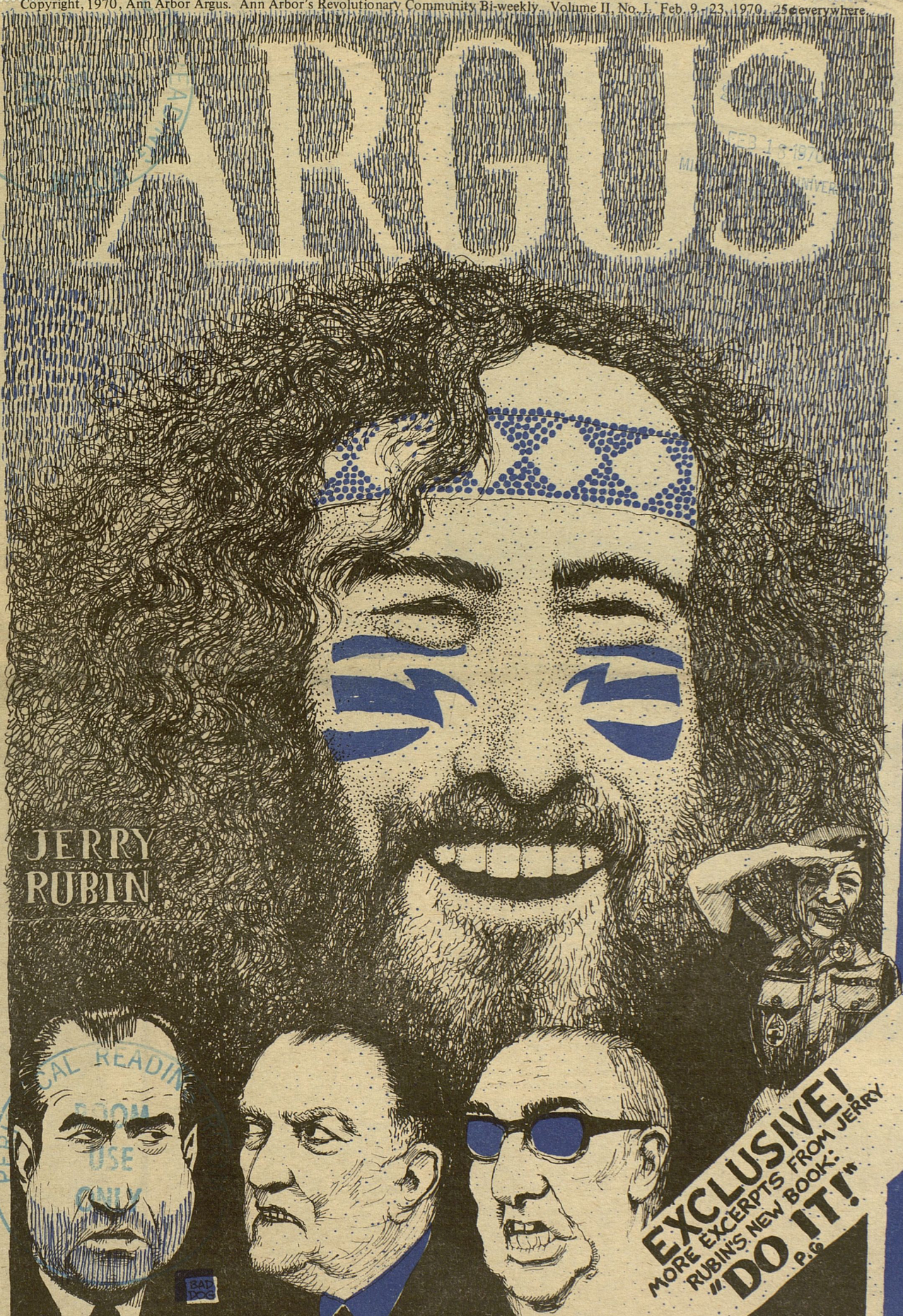
ARGUS



EXCLUSIVE!
MORE EXCERPTS FROM JERRY RUBIN'S NEW BOOK:
"DO IT!"
P.6

Plus: Women's Liberation Supplement, Nark Names, KKK, Trashman Interview, Conspiracy Trial Dope, Sinclair Essay, Liberation Conference

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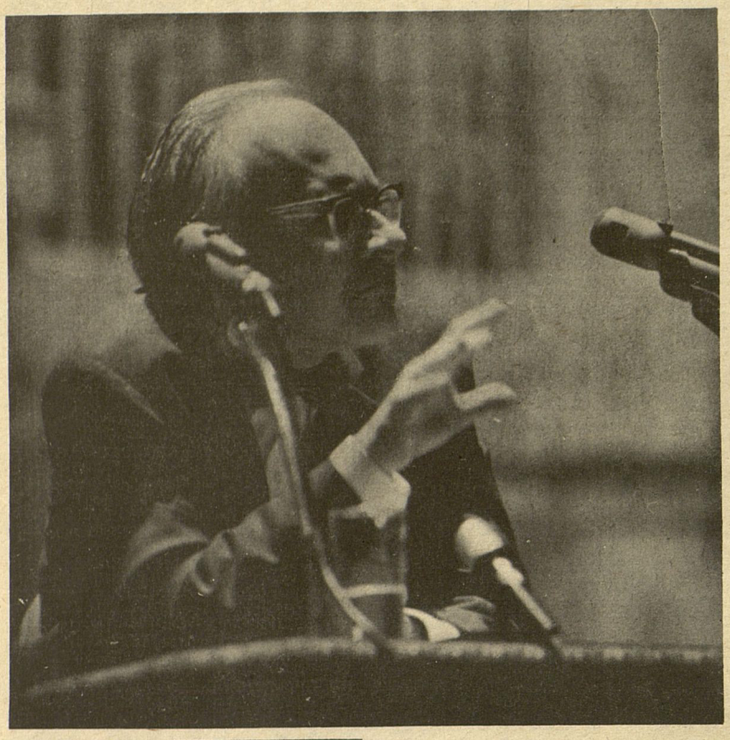


By Fleagle

Over three thousand people jammed Hill Auditorium last Saturday night, January 31, to hear four speakers discuss the attempted repression of the left. The crowd was markedly different from the usual teach-in crowds at the University. The older generation of liberals was missing.

They had lived through the McCarthy period of the early 1950s, and perhaps they do not want to believe that the government has started another all-out attack on the left. In the place of those older people were students who had never attended a teach-in/conference before, young people being brought to political awareness by the farce of the Conspiracy Trial in Chicago.

Their own experience and the knowledge gained by picking up a newspaper can only lead them to agree with Jerry Rubin's analysis of college as repression for middle-class whites. In a sense there should have been no audience for the teach-in; each person could have given examples of his own personal repression.

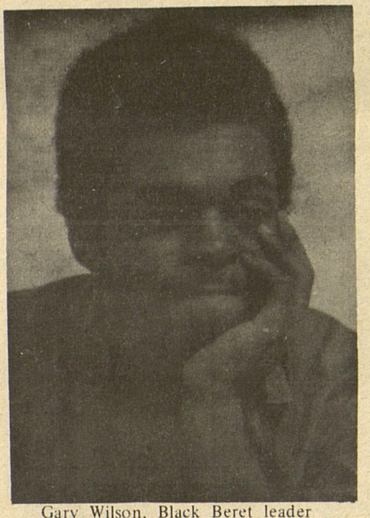
The conference had three purposes: to raise money for those groups being hardest hit by the attempted repression, to educate people as to what is happening, and to formulate a response against repression and toward liberation. The conference organizers were successful in their first two goals. According to Conference Treasurer, Barry Bluestone, "About $1,000 was raised. This money will be divided between the Black Panther Party, the Ann Arbor Black Berets, the Conspiracy, the Welfare Rights Organization, and the John Sinclair Defense Fund. In addition, we will continue to raise money on campus."

The work-shops after the main meeting on Saturday night and on Sunday, which were billed as attempts to build a response against repression never really did that. Mostly, the work-shops consisted of people in different parts of the movement telling how the political system was repressing them.

Nowhere was there a true attempt to conceive what Arthur Kinoy described as "a strategy against repression which can unite all factions of the movement." It may be that no such strategy exists, but if the left is serious about a revolution in the United States it must make the attempt to find one.

The size of the crowd proved that repression has become a political issue in its own right. Frank Joyce, of the Conspiracy office, in the work-shop on Organizing Around Political Trials, discussed how the issue of repression, which is so blatantly visible, is a starting point for people to question the whole system which needs repression to sustain itself. Don Koster, Ann Arbor People's Lawyer, in the Legal Self Defense Workshop, commented that if nothing else, legal repression quickly educates the defendant as to the true nature of the system.

The two-day meeting showed how repression is the main tool of the government in its battle with the forces of liberation. "Nowhere is it written in stone that the good will win," Kinoy told the people. But the struggle will continue, and we will win.



Gary Wilson, Black Beret leader

berets

"Ain't none of us plannin' to go to jail voluntarily." As the vanguard of the black liberation struggle in Ann Arbor, the Black Berets have been perpetually harassed and surveiled for politically fascist reasons. The pigs moved in their biggest bust on August 22 to try to wipe out or immobilize Beret leaders. Using a bogus warrant and typical pig tactics at the Ann St. office, six arrests were made. Three top Berets, Gary Wilson, Eugene Gregory, and Howard Hayes, were charged with "assaulting and interfering" and "opposing and resisting" police officers. Lorenzo Small, who has since gone underground, was charged with felonious assault on a pig. So was Jerome Wright, who just a few weeks ago was framed with a ridiculous robbery charge. Black Beret leader Victor Grayson is charged with assault and interfering with the pigs and has also gone underground to carry the struggle on to a higher level.

[Continued on Page 22.]

BISHOP EDWARD CROWTHER taught law and history at Oxford, and held a high position in Episcopal Church. He was assigned to South Africa before he was hounded out for denouncing apartheid. He led the Pantagon demonstration during the 15 November moratorium and works for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Crowther outlined a justification for violence. "We're concerned about violence to buildings but not about psychological violence to the minds of men," he said. "People cry, people bleed. People hurt, and if I have to choose between a building and a person, then let the building burn."

He continued by mentioning that the government's mania for controlling people to protect its institutions and property. The law and order crusade, he said, is an undeclared war against people seeking social change. This is reminiscent of the rise of the Secret Service in Germany in the Third Reich, where "due process" sent millions to the gas chambers.

He challenged "all Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches that exist in the name of Jesus Christ" to open their doors to sanctuary for people follwoing their conscience.

ARTHUR KINOY is the oldest and possibly the best Movement lawyer in the country. He's a partner in the firm of Kunstler, Kinoy, and Kunstler, leader and co-ordinator for the major Black Panther trials, and Jerry Rubin's lawyer before HUAC.

Kinoy argued that the revolutionary movement is a continuation of the American Revolution. He emphasized that it is the people, "the fourth branch of government," who hold the ultimate power. He said that the power's been stolen from them by the other three branches of government.

"Power to the people is not a slogan but a tragedy," he said.

He said he was tired from a "quiet week" during which Judge Hoffman denied that the testimony of Ramsey Clark, attorney general under LBJ, was relevant to the Conspiracy trial, the chief New York Panther 21 witness was almost murdered in a New York hospital [by an operation given against his family's and his lawyer's consent.] The nomination of Judge Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court was announced, and the Grand Jury in Chicago indicted the seven surviving Chicago Black Panthers for attempted murder in the raid in which Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were murdered by pigs.

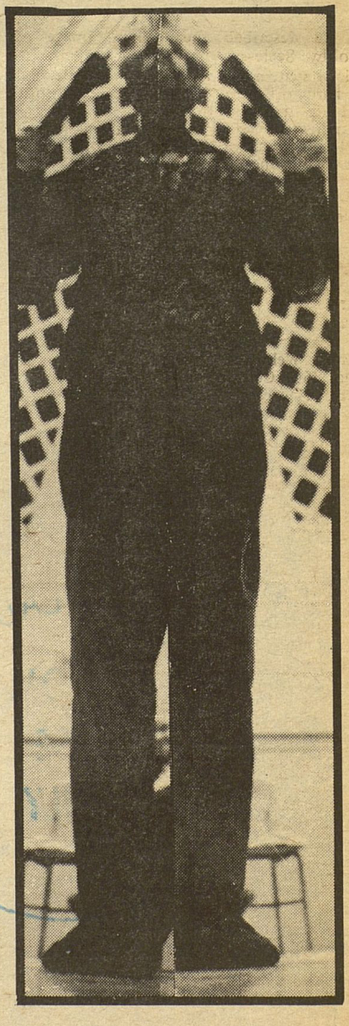
"Nobody disagrees that this country is experimenting with new forms of rule by mass repression," he said. But he lamented the lack of unity in Movement strategy. "We are all facing the same enemy...They have a unified strategy, while we do not."

"If Richard Nixon"--the man who claimed that to make policy in the streets would "undermine" the democratic process--"had been in my first year constitutional law course, he would have flunked.'

JERRY RUBIN removed the microphone and pushed the rest of the lectern away. "Hello, my name is Johnny Cash," he said, "and I'm proud to be here at the University of Michigan penitentiary." He told us how Adolf Hitler Hoffman kept his nine [two lawyers] bad boys after school last Friday for more toilet-training, and yet another warning about their contumacious behavior in their speaking appearances. "We're all being tried for dirty words," he said.

He brought news that the defense has rested its case, and now after re-direct and summations, the jury should start deliberation in about three weeks. "And we feel that we've gotten through to some of the jurors, and we expect a hung jury...But Hoffman will probably try to put all nine of us in the slam for several years for contempt."

He reminded all of us that John Sinclair is still doing ten years for two joints. "And the Man is telling the rest of the inmates in the University that 'We can stomp your heaviest brothers right off the set, and you're not going to do anything about it!' " Then he read the first message from exile by Pun Plamondon, White Panther Minister of Defense, wherein Pun announced that he would return to face trial on four dope charges and two concealed weapons busts and that he would come back and prove his innocence in the Ann Arbor CIA bombings provided the bogus charge of conspiracy be dropped against him, John Sinclair, and Jack Forrest of Detroit.



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HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, JOHN

John Sinclair Weekend, 24-25 Jan. was an overwhelming success in Detroit. An estimated 9,000 people turned out, packing the Grande Ballroom Saturday with the biggest crowd in its history. Likewise Sunday, as both the Grande and Eastown were filled to capacity. Over 20 Michigan bands played the two days. The event was sponsored, of course, by the Detroit Ann Arbor Coalition to Serve The People [STP], which included members of the Tribe, the Ann Arbor Argus, The Fifth Estate, Creem Magazine, Weathermen, Open City, Newsreel, Yip/Fugs, and of course the bands. Peter Andrews, manager of the SRC, served as coordinator with lots of help from WKNR-FM dj Dan Carlisle. WABX and WKNR donated lots of radio time plugging the event, and the ballrooms were donated by Russ Gibb [Grande] and Bob Bageris [Eastown.]

The brothers and sisters heard a specially-prepared message from John Sinclair, delivered by the Cosmic eloquence of J.C. Crawford, and an inspiring message from Minister of Defense of the White Panther Party Pun Plamondon, read by White Panther Minister of Communications Genie Plamondon, who received the message from various spiritual telepathic sources.

Other benefits were held in New York, where Allen Ginsberg and Andy Warhol performed; Berkeley, where Gary Snyder and Laurence Ferlingetti read, as well as in New Orleans, Milwaukee, and Portland.

All the money raised went to the International Committee to Defend John Sinclair, which in turn will pay John's lawyers and legal fees in upcoming appeals.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HUEY

Huey P. Newton, co-founder and Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, is in jail in Oakland, California, serving a 2-15 year sentence for manslaughter. He was found guilty of killing an Oakland pig who, incidentally, first tried to kill him. It was a clear victory for the people, as the State of California had asked for the gas chamber.

Huey is America's foremost political prisoner. On the 17th of this month, people all over the world will celebrate Huey's 28th birthday. In Detroit, the celebration will occur two days before the event. The National Committee to Combat Fascism is holding a people's birthday party for Huey at the Shrine of the Black Madonna, 7625 Linwood Ave. The festivities will begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and continue until 8. The main speaker will be Robert F. Williams, former president of the Republic of New Africa. Several bands plan to play. Donations in advance will be $2, and at the door will be $2.50.

In Ann Arbor, also on Sunday the 15th, the Michigan Union ballroom will be liberated for the Huey Birthday. The speakers include Black Beret leaders Donetta Brewer (injured in the Hampton shootout), Gary Wilson, and Panther leader Amar. It will begin at u p.m.

On Wednesday, Feb. 11, there will be a courtpacking at 2 p.m. in the County Building, and a Diag Rally at 3:30, to be followed by a march and mass rally at 4:30 in front of the courthouse.

Anyone needing further information on either Huey P. Newton Day or any of the Party programs should stop by the NCCF office, 2219 Indiandale, or call 868-9836.

He described the striking image of Bobby Seale exposing the Amerikan Judicial system for what it is. "People find it hard to believe that we can be so happy all the time. Bobby Seale is probably the happiest of us all because he knows he's setting an historical example for himself and everyone else alive."

"I'll laugh all the way to jail...But I expect the people in this room to tear the jail down and set me free before my sentence is up."

After we were also reminded that to "conspire" means to "breathe together," we wandered out into the night, and the Ann Arbor Bank lost most of its plate glass facade.

KATE EMERSON, member of the Ann Arbor Welfare Rights Organization, said that 16th Century English poor laws are still being enforced for ten million people in this country on ADC. "We have no control over our lives—If I want to do anything I have to ask my case worker.

After ADC mothers and U-M students were arrested in a sit-in last year that demanded enough money to buy school clothes for county welfare children, the county appropriated the $20,000 to the Hog Harvey's sheriff's department for deputies' overtime pay. "He must have felt so bad about it, that he went out and played football. He has also offered us rides into the country where we can pick up some free second-hand clothes. And we're grateful for this. We're so grateful that we have decided that when a single woman in this country applies for welfare and has to fill out a paternity suit against her man, she should name Sheriff Harvey as the father."

EMORY DOUGLASS is Minister of Culture of the Black Panther Party Central Committee. He came in place of Chief of Staff David Hilliard, who is under travel restrictions and $30,000 bond pending trial for the crime of rhetorically threatening the life of the president. Douglass had just returned from Algiers and a visit to Black Panther Minister of Information in exile, Eldridge Cleaver. He told us that Eldridge will be returning to this country soon, but that if his Constitutional rights are interfered with, "he will leave by the same means he got here."

[Continued on Page 22.]

TRASHING IN THE STREETS

By DAVID AMERICA

It seems that wherever Jerry Rubin goes, a riot ensues.

The one-time sportswriter from Cincinnatti turned conspirator was in Ann Arbor Saturday night to make the final speech at the repression conference, a fiery address dealing with cultural repression and ways to deal with it. His [un]speech ended by talking about the war on young people being waged by the honkie power structure, and how to fight back. "If I'm put in jail, I expect the people to tear down the walls and set me free."

This visibly raised the energy level in the audience. It seemed as though it was definitely smashing time. At least it seemed that way to some people.

TRASHMAN strikes again!

A midnight march on the county building to protest the trial of the Ann Arbor Six was planned by the Ann Arbor SDS. The march originated at the fishbowl, where about five hundred white panthers, yippies, sds'ers and other crazed revolutionaries marched chanting and screaming to the County Court Building. A Viet Cong flag was hastily raised. Everyone waited for something to happen, but the energy dissipated into general chaos as speeches on imperialism were given. Lt. Eugene Staudenmier was the only pig who showed up, although quite a few patrol cars were on the prowl. With the people in control of the streets, they weren't anxious to provoke anything.

Cries to storm the county jail were not heeded, and we marched down Main street on our way to the administration building. *Trashman* picked up a few bricks on the way, but was chided for this "juvenile" action. The tremendous energy we had on the way to the County Court Building seemed to have been lost. Upon arriving at Jefferson Plaza, *Trashman* climbed atop the cube and hoisted the red flag of revolution. We entered the unlocked cubicle, but the first floor was sealed off and no major action took place due to a lack of energy. *Trashman* was getting fed up. But suddenly, cries of "Smash ROTC!" were heard amidst the crowd, and off we went to our next target.

On the way, we armed ourselves with bricks, bottles, and metal poles. The crowd was appreciably smaller by the time we got there. About 150 of us stormed the building, smashing all the windows in the front. *Trashman* tied a kerchief around his face, and looking like Billy the Kid in an old western, smashed the window on the door and let himself in. A security guard, upon seeing this notorious figure, flipped out and ran off babbling. Once inside, we found a giant display case containing miniature models of imperialist weapons. We hurled ladders and rocks at it, but it took the power of one YIPPIE! boot to smash it in. *Trashman* turned on the fire hose, the final polishing effort before splitting.

Most people were satisfied except *Trashman*. We assembled on the diag, about a hundred of us now, to talk over what we'd done. *Trashman* didn't want to talk, so he split off in a small cadre, made hasty plans, and set out towards the Ann Arbor Bank on East U. and South U. A moment's hesitation to check the street, and *SMASH*, the bank windows were done in. *Trashman* went home, wistfully thinking of molotov cocktails and thermite.

Who is this notorious figure, who relishes chaos and destruction above all? Who is this creeping pervert who finds music in the sound of screaming voices, breaking glass, and explosions?

Trashman could be the boy who works at the supermarket, the hippie on the street, or he might even be you! He is motivated by the dire necessity for the revolution in this country, a great love for the people and the people's revolution, a certain amount of foolhardiness, the desire to risk all for what he believes, and the streak of violence built deep into the core of everyone in this country.

He is out to prove himself, yes, and to build his consciousness, certainly. But mainly, after years of harassment, after educating himself to the racist, imperialist nature of this country, and how these forces are woven so deeply into the fabric of Amerikan life that they cannot even be recognized for what they are, he has become so frustrated, so angered, that he desires only to lash out at the oppressor in the most direct, the most brutal form possible. He is tired of talking about revolution, and is eager to go out and make that revolution. There is something about throwing a brick which transcends all the rhetoric about throwing a brick. *Trashman* is a desperate individual. He does not need to be convinced that we need a revolution, he does not want to talk about imperialism, he wants to go out and start smashing it, NOW!

Most of all, he is totally committed to the revolution, wants and needs the revolution more than anything. He lives and breathes revolution. If the revolution does not come off, he will be one sorry motherfucker. Don't let him down, brothers and sisters.

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Trash-

[Note: This is the transcript of an interview with the two leaders of the Ann Arbor Mad Trashers, Trashman and Trashwoman. To prevent any pig legal tactics, the interview was conducted in the Arboretum, next to a female Sycamore tree. The Argus reporters were first blindfolded, spun in a circle for five minutes, injected with a heavy dose of the juice of morninglory seeds, and tied to the Sycamore for over an hour before being awakened by the Trashduo's bodyguards. The talking was done on lightweight tape cassette, which self-destructed less than 30 seconds after the interview was transcribed onto paper.

The interview was done after the Trashers had slopped a gallon of black paint in the face of the U-M marine recruiter, trashed the windows of both the marine recruiting office as well as the ROTC offices at North Hall, thrown a dead fish in the face of the Allied Chemical recruiter, and generally decorated the walls and sidewalks of Ann Arbor with orange spray-paint—"Free the Ann Arbor Six", "Smash Imperialism," etc.—and just prior to their confronting the DuPont recruiter, which was less dramatic and successful.]

TRASHMAN: Well, we did it.
Argus: What next?
TRASHMAN: More of the same.
Argus: Why don't you describe the scene. What happened with the Allied Chemical guy and the marine dude?
TRASHMAN: Well, okay. People got together on the night of the thirteenth, Tuesday night. The people felt that some action had to be taken against the ROTC building to create an atmosphere of action on this campus, an atmosphere of action against racism and against imperialism, to make an action that would connect the imperialist institutions to racism in the minds of the people as they are objectively connected in reality, and to make people more aware of what was going on in this community, specifically with the Berets.
Argus: That's the thing. The objective journalism of the Michigan Daily neglected totally to mention the reasons behind the action, not even mentioning freeing the Ann Arbor Six.
TRASHWOMAN: Well, basically the institution that's fucking over the Berets and is trying to smash and smother all the black liberation struggles is the same institution that needs ROTC to train officers and to train soldiers to help perpetrate it. It trains soldiers not only to fight in Viet Nam against the NLF but also to figh
also to fight in Watts and fight in Detroit. And they're really intricately tied, and we thought that by attacking the ROTC building we could draw attention to the Black Berets. And, in fact, the ROTC building was condemned as an institution of racism and imperialism—eally outasite spray paint all over it.
Argus: And then the actions in the SAB with the marine dude?
TRASHMAN: Those actions were simply a continuation of our whole program of increasing movement on this campus, and of creating a consciousness in Ann Arbor of that movement which is nationwide, which is worldwide. Trying to develop such a consciousness that seeks to show how racism and imperialism are very intricately connected, which was mentioned, and the actions against the recruiters are also for that same purpose. Those people are recruiting people into the marines, into the navy, which do train officers and do train soldiers not only to go into Viet Nam and into Latin American and into other parts of Southeast Asia, but also into the black communities in this country. And we see action against that not only as a material attack against those institutions, but also as an organizing tool to show people that there is a struggle going on. To develop a consciousness of struggle, within the movement, against specific targets. And every action that we take has to be seen as an organizing tool against those institutions. We connect the marines, Allied Chemical, DuPont, and the ROTC building as well as the County Court building, where there was a rally and where there will be marches and things. There's a march planned for Saturday night January 31, following the teach-in workshops, that's going to culminate in a mass rally at the County Court building.
Argus: You don't consider yourself a weatherman collective. Yet, though you're independent, you engage in a lot of weatherman-type actions. Why don't you consider yourself Weathermen?
TRASHMAN: Well for one, we're not stagnant, in that

NARK OUT

By KEN KELLEY

Last year in this city, 212 brothers and sisters were busted for sales or possession of what police call "narcotics," which, in their pig genre, means anything from grass to skag. Forty-three were prosecuted and convicted.

In the last two weeks in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti almost half that latter number have been rounded up, in an extensive series of state police narcotic raids. The state pigs are operating out of their post in Ypsilanti, and have brought all their slimy agents from across the state in on the raids.

It is known that they have been gathering information since last summer, when the people's concern to solve the seven Ann Arbor-Ypsilanti murders let police, much less concerned about solving the crimes, have an access to people's lives. Instead of inquiring about the murders, they talked to everybody they could-street people, people convicted once of dope and on probation, people who initially volunteered information-about their dope habits, and where the dope was coming from. Of course people immediately turned tight-lipped, and refused to answer ANY questions-most people. The pigs were preparing for their bi-annual crackdown on U-M and Eastern Michigan-they try to cover every campus in the state at least once every two years.

The first to fall in a big way were Mike Rumptz and Mickey Gordon, busted by city, state and treasury dept. pigs in a raid on The Other Side, an Ypsilanti head shop. Both were charged with concealing stolen property valued at more than $100.00-police claim they found 28 pistols, 14 rifles, a shotgun, and 150,000 rounds of ammo in the bust. Mike was charged, additionally, with aiding and abetting the sale of narcotics. Sororities and fraternities, now becoming dope havens for rich white kids, have also felt the heat in Ypsi, with the police tearing houses apart in search of dope.

Shortly thereafter, four brothers, Henry John, Ed and George Livingston, were raided in their home on Packard St. in Ann Arbor, and a house on N. Main was busted with four people arrested. The Livingstons were charged with possession of narcotics [grass], the Main St. house was charged with selling mescaline.

In the latest harrassment, eight state and city pigs [including those salivating scumbags, Hicks 'n' Anderson] busted Bob Baker, Jan Merecki, and a runaway from a state institution, Nicki in a raid on the Congolian Maulers Commune on Kingsley St. The warrant the police had was for 727 Kingsley, and the person living there informed the cadre of pigs that Baker lived across the street at 812 Kingsley. One pig came to the door, asked for Baker, and was shown in, just as Baker was coming down the stairs.

"Are you Baker?" he oinked.

"Yes," said Bob, whereupon the pig grabbed him, handcuffed him, and threw open the door for his seven fellow boars. He then punched Baker and threw him over a chair, breaking the chair. Everybody in the house was thrown against a wall, roughly frisked, slapped around, then shoved onto the floor. Anyone entering the house was given the same treatment. Although the warrant only specified Baker, the two others were arrested too, and carted down to Harvey's Hotel at the County Jail, where Bob is still being held on $10,000 bail, charged with sale of narcotics. The pigs all came in street clothes and would show no ID when asked.

Other recent arrests include Mike and Mickey Thompson, on Normal Street, in Ypsi, busted for possession of guns and grass, and Mark Schmidt and Robin Grans, arrested in their car 31 Jan. for possession of hash and mescaline.

It's clear that this latest offensive by the snoutsters has caught people unprepared, and we must immediately get our shit together to deal with self-defense. The best way is to know your local nark. The Argus has prepared a list of the most prominent narkos, listing as much information as possible. People possessing more information about suspected narks should stop by 708 Arch St. and tell us.

The most dangerous by far is one MIKE PSORIS [pronounced Bizarros]. He is

[Continued on Page 23.]

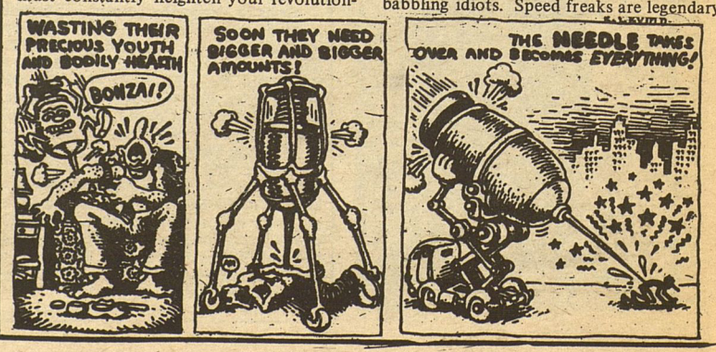
smack down k

By DAVID FABER

Merely getting high is neither a revolutionary nor a religious act. Getting high is only getting high. The drug hierarchy in this country is one of the most capitalistic enterprises to be found anywhere. As drug users we are consumers, viciously exploited by a cruel machine which sneers at revolution as it rakes in the profits. Anyone who thinks that the cultural revolution in Amerika consists of a bunch of freaks getting high has been taking too much dope. It is time to intensify the struggle. Every dollar you have represents the exploitation of somebody. When you sell drugs at a profit to brothers and sisters you are exploiting your own culture, and every time you buy drugs you are giving aid to that exploitation. I'm not saying that we should discontinue our drug habits any more than we should quit listening to rock and roll [although a general consumer strike in both areas would almost certainly prove profitable]. But there are certain drugs we must avoid if we are to survive as a together people.

If you do illegal drugs and do not consider yourself a revolutionary then you are a leech on the culture and will be dealt with. If you are a revolutionary, then you must constantly heighten your revolutionary consciousness. All things, including drugs, must be dealt with in terms of the struggle at hand. Smack and speed are two of the most antirevolutionary compounds ever devised. They deaden revolutionary consciousness, strip you of revolutionary good health [not to mention basic humanity], and can easily destroy a community internally [witness the Haight]. The man welcomes the introduction of these drugs into a community for he knows that a bunch of strung—out drug addicts pose a much lesser threat to the money—power—death machine than loving pot—smokers and psychedelic maniacs. The mafia controls most of the narcotics in this country, along with much of the power structure, and a definite blow could be dealt to the machine if these drugs were stomped off the set. This can be accomplished only with positive actions taken by the people. This implies not only your own personal renunciation of these drugs, but steps must be taken to eliminate narcotics from the community. Education is the most powerful tool of revolution. We must show people the dangers of smack and speed. Also, the people's justice must be meted out to those individuals who continue to push bogus dopes into the community. Given fair warning, these punks must be offed. The formulation of a free culture includes the expulsion of money—oriented capitalist elements. And the formulation of a revolutionary culture includes the expulsion of antirevolutionary forces -the expulsion of death drugs.

What does this mean on an individual scale? Scag and crystal are man made bullshit plastic dope. Speed turns men into squirrely—haired, zit—faced, toothless, babbling idiots. Speed freaks are legendary


WASTING THEIR PRECIOUS YOUTH AND BODILY HEARTH
BONZAI!
SOON THEY NEED BIGGER AND BIGGER AMOUNTS!
THE NEEDLE TAKES OVER AND BECOMES EVERYTHING!

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we're trying these actions, as well as others, to see what works best. The Weathermen have already determined what their actions will be, but they've changed somewhat after Chicago, and I hope they'll continue changing, but, once again, we're not sure what our times are for the rest of the term, we have to build on what happens.

Argus: So that's the main reason. You just don't want the stigma of it, or what?

TRASHWOMAN: I just think it's essentially irrelevant whether we call ourselves Weathermen or not. We dig some of the things Weathermen do and we think other things that Weathermen do are shit. A lot of their interpretations of how the revolution's gonna come off are for shit, too. But we talk to them and they give us ideas.

Argus: These actions so far, it seems that the pigs haven't been ready for them. But this is gonna come out after the DuPont thing, they're gonna be ready for you, and you're going to have to alter your tactics a little bit.

TRASHMAN: Well it's important that we see ourselves in an overall strategy at this point, as an organizing tool, but that means that we tend toward more massive actions also, and that, in this light, as more and more people get involved in these actions, and as more and more people are brought into the actions, the capabilities of the police stopping us are much less.

Argus: What other recruiters are gonna be on campus this term?

TRASHMAN: Chase Manhattan. They're coming around 5 Feb.

TRASHWOMAN: Practically everyone. I mean this is the University of Michigan, this is a big school. We produce all the technicians and the leaders for the whole machine.

TRASHMAN: Very clearly, there'll be representatives from every major United States Corporation. GM, Ford, Chase Manhattan, Atlantic Richfield, Standard Oil New Jersey, you name it. They're gonna be here.

Argus: Quite an opportunity to, ah, escalate the struggle.

TRASHMAN: But I think that what's crucial, what's already been touched upon, already been touched upon, is that, as time goes on, we're going to see these less and less as cadre action, and each one doing a lot of organizing around that. And educational work—seeing each successive action as having more and more people which makes it harder for pigs to deal with.

Argus: Is that happening now, or has it happened so far?

TRASHMAN: Yeah, I think so. We'll be able to see a lot more clearly from the Dupont action, which should have a lot more people involved than the others, in which there were 15 to 20 people involved. [Ed.—The Dupont action had close to 100 people involved.]

Argus: Yeah, I think it's gonna be outasite. It's just really great to build a thing that a lot of people can really relate to, I think.

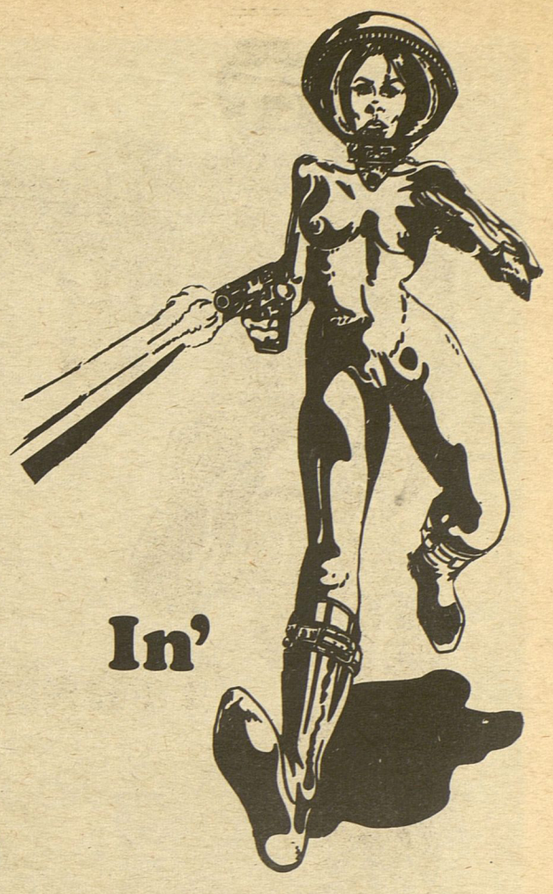
TRASHMAN: Another thing that's really important is not just to talk about an action like Dupont as simply an action of "how are we gonna attack that recruiter." Also it should be known that we've been having some raps all tonight, all day tomorrow. We'll be showing the movie on Wilmington which was made by Newsreel, which goes into the whole history of how the Dupont Corporation controls the state of Delaware economically, politically and socially in every aspect.

Argus: And militarily.

TRASHMAN: Right. And I think that by showing these movies and by having these dorm raps we can develop other people getting involved in these actions and seeing themselves as part of that action; and not just saying "here's an action, and these are the reasons and that's it," but building a type of mass struggle that's really good. I mean Ann Arbor's really been behind in the struggle—really behind the times as far as the struggle is concerned, like all the shit with the LSA sit-in and all this never being carried through. People always wind up in court and jail and pay their fines and it's over with. This really is the first time that people are really gitting their shit together, don't you think? It's been really fucked up to now.

TRASHWOMAN: Yeah, it has. This term, starting now with the recruiting actions, is going to be part of a program which we're coming out with that lays out basic demands that we can organize around in terms of actions.

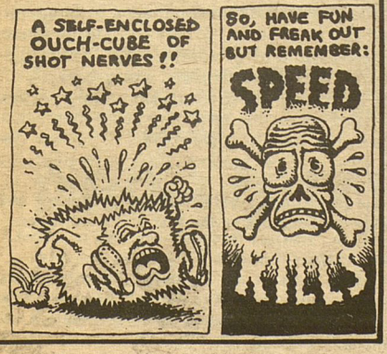
[Continued on Page 21.]



for their derisiveness, their thievery, their pettiness, and their general sleaziness. Everything about speed is cheap, neon, plastic, ugly Amerika. Speed freaks think of themselves as real men – a set of works holds obvious phallic connotations. They think they really have their shits together [an obvious untruth, for speed will give you the worst, dribbling little turds you ever had], speed does not actually give any real hair, it's just a plastic dildo.

Junk is the ultimate cop-out drug. It makes people lazy, jaundiced, and dumb. It also addicts people. You do up for three days and you are strung out. You may think now that you would not permit yourself to get hooked, but the drug destroys all discipline. Once you start getting into it you just don't care about anything except scag. To support your habit [which keeps growing more and more insatiable] you will rip off your best friends for anything you can. In the end, no one will trust you with anything [No reason they should, you're just a crummy junkie]. Smack dulls your mind and your senses. It makes you incapable of full human emotion.

It's true that everything exists only in how you relate to it. No drug is inherently evil, the evil exists only in your mental attitude toward that drug. But speed and smack will change your mental attitude. There's a saying "once a junkie, always a junkie," and it's true. The moment you stick a point in your arm you have unnaturally altered your whole life. Don't do it. After all, dope is just the frosting on the cake, life's the real trip. Why ruin your life for the sake of a buzz?



PHOTOS/Thomas R. Copi.

Pictures taken at the All-Amerikan gathering.

ameriKKKa

By TOMMY COPI

DEARBORN—The Michigan chapter of The Ku Klux Klan [that's right, the Michigan chapter] had a rare treat the other night when the Klan's imperial wizard, Robert Shelton, dropped in to cast a few pearls before the gathered swine in the Dearborn Youth Center.

Replete with ceremonial satin robes and pointed hats, the Kluxers [or is it Klanners?] were a perfect audience for Shelton's smooth brand of demagoguery. They guffawed on cue and clapped and cheered and stomped whenever Shelton said anything they thought they liked.

An invited audience of about 400, reportedly members of Dearborn's branch of the American Independent Party, went through three security lines to get in to see the show; they were assured that their pictures would not be taken inside the hall, a promise that was enforced very carefully by the KKK goons.

Shelton, who styles his speeches to fit his audiences, was more reserved than many expected. He never mentioned the word "nigger." His most biting comment was an attack on the "sex deviate, tennis-shoe-wearing, card-carrying beatniks, drug users, socialists and hippies." Ouch.

Meanwhile, outside, some of Shelton's favorite people were marching around with signs saying how much they disapproved of him and his politics. Some of them were protesting his appearance in the Youth Center, a building owned by the city of Dearborn.

Nearly 500 demonstrators, under the watchful eye of the all-white police department of all-white Dearborn [whose motto, emblazoned on their patrol cars, is "be nice to people"], marched around until the meeting got under way, chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Do the Sissy Wizard In."

Some of the demonstrators tried to get into the meeting, but were turned away because they didn't have tickets. So they

[Continued on Page 22.]

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AJ SAVAGE
U. S. NAVY COMPOSITE POWERED ATTACK BOMBER
DON'T PATRONIZE M
KEEP ALERT!
SPLIT BEAVERS WITH A WILD BOY
THE MOVING HAND WRITES AND HAVING WRITTEN MOVES ON
2 OFF

The following are two more chapters from Jerry Y. Rubin's book, "DO IT!". Jerry now says the books should be out in two more weeks, and that the price will be $2.45 in paperback. Those who can't rip it off somewhere or borrow it from their friends can wait til September, when it will be out in a special pocket edition for $1. The book is spaced-out by Quentin Fiore, the graphics of whose are used on these pages. It also has a fantastic introduction by Eldridge Cleaver, which Jerry won't let anyone reprint yet—a special treat.

BURN DOWN THE SCHOOLS!

A sunny day on the Berkeley campus. Students are carrying ten pounds of books from one class to the next.

We nonstudent fuck-ups say, "Excuse me, student. Did you know the sun is shining?"

They look at us like we're crazy.

We invade libraries yelling, "The sun is shining! The sun is shining!"

We go into a psychology class on "Thinking," a huge lecture hall with 300 students. The professor is up front, diagraming behavior on the blackboard. Everybody writes down in their notebook every word he spews.

His first words are, "Good morning, class."

The guy next to me copies down, "Good morning, class."

Somebody raises his hand and asks: "Do we have to know that for the exam?"

The classroom is an authoritarian environment. Teacher up front and rows of students one after another. Do not lose your temper, fuck, kiss, hug, get emotional or take off your clothes.

The class struggle begins in class.

We roll a few joints and start smoking in the middle of the classroom. The smell is overpowering, but no one seems to notice it.

The Viet Kong could attack with mortar shells, and everybody would still be taking notes.

It's an assembly line.

The professor talks; students copy.

Everyone is 99 percent asleep.

Marvin Garson takes off his shirt and begins tongue-kissing with his chick Charlie. I rip off my shirt and start soul-kissing with Nancy.

There we are in the middle of the class, shirts off, kissing, feeling each other up and smoking pot.

Everyone gets itchy and nervous because of us. No one can take notes any more. The professor stutters. Pens stop. People squirm. Everyone's looking at us—no one at the professor. But the students are too repressed and shy to say anything.

Finally a girl in the middle of the room can't stand it any more. "Could these people please stop making a disturbance?" she pants.

Nancy leaps to her feet: "This is a class on thinking! We're thinking! You can't separate thinking from kissing, feeling, touching.

"We're the laboratory part of the class. Anybody who wants to come, join us. Anybody who wants to listen to the lecture part of the class move to the other part of the room."

The professor then reveals his soul. "In *my* class," he says with authority, "*I* do the teaching."

Scratch a professor and find a pig.

(His assistant goes to get the uniformed pig, so we split.)

TWO HUNDRED PSYCHOLOGICAL TERRORISTS COULD DESTROY ANY MAJOR UNIVERSITY—WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT.

Schools—high schools and colleges—are the biggest obstacle to education in Amerika today.

Schools are a continuation of toilet training.

Taking an exam is like taking a shit. You hold it in for weeks, memorizing, just waiting for the right time. Then the time comes, and you sit on the toilet.

Ah!

Um!

It feels so good.

You shit it right back on schedule—for the grade. When exams are over, you got a load off your mind. You got rid of all this shit you clogged your poor brain with. You can finally relax. The paper you write your exam on is toilet paper.

Babies are zen masters, curious about everything.

Adults are serious and bored.

What happened?

Brain surgery by the schools.

I lost my interest in books in literature class. I lost my interest in foreign languages in language class. I lost my interest in biology in biology class.

Dig the environment of a university! The buildings look like factories, airports, army barracks. IBM cards in the hall, hospitals, jails. They are deings look like factories, airports, army barracks. IBM cards in the hall, hospitals, jails. They are designed to wipe out all individuality, dull one's senses, make you feel small.

Everyone should bring dayglow paint to campus and psychedelicize the buildings as the first act of liberation.

"Critical" or "abstract thinking" is a trap in school.

Criticize, criticize, criticize.

Look at both sides of the argument, take no action, take no stands, commit yourself to nothing, because you're always looking for more arguments, more information, always examining, criticizing.

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Abstract thinking turns the mind into a prison. Abstract thinking is the way professors avoid facing their own social impotence.

Our generation is in rebellion against abstract intellectualism and critical thinking.

We admire the Viet Kong guerrilla, the Black Panther the stoned hippie, not the abstract intellectual vegetable.

Professors are put-ons, writing and talking in fancy, scientific, big motherfucking words, so the people on the street won't dig that they're not saying shit.

They're so thankful for their "intellectual freedom in Amerika" that they're not going to waste it fighting on issues like poverty, war, drugs and revolution. They insist upon the freedom to be irrelevant.

We judge our teachers as men first and teachers second. How can you teach us about World War I if you weren't in the streets of Czechago?

The goal of the revolution is to eliminate all intellectuals, create a society in which there is no distinction between intellectual and physical work: a society without intellectuals. Our task is to destroy the university and make the entire nation a school with on-the-job living.

School addicts people to the heroin of middle-class life: busy work for grades (money) stored in your records (banks) for the future (death). We become replaceable parts for corporate Amerika!

We will give brooms and pails to the administrators so they can be useful and sweep the place up. Fuck bureaucrats, especially the "nice" Deans of Men who put one hand around our shoulders while the other hand gropes for our pants. We'll take all the records, grades, administrative shit and flush it down the toilet.

The same people who control the universities own the major capitalist corporations, carry out the wars, fuck over black people, run the police forces and eat money and flesh for breakfast. They are absentee dictators who make rules but don't live under them.

Universities are feudal autocracies.

Professors are house niggers and students are field niggers.

Demonstrations on campuses aren't "demonstrations" —they're jail breaks. Slave revolts.

The war on the campuses is similar to the war in Vietnam: a guerrilla people's war.

By closing down 100 universities in one day, we, the peasants, can level the most powerful blow possible against the pigs who run Amerikan society.

We'll force the President of the United States to come on his hands and knees to the conference table.

We're using the campus as a launching pad to foment revolution everywhere.

Ronnie Reagan, baby, you're right!

School offers us cheap victories—grades, degrees—in exchange for our souls. We're actually supposed to be happy when we get a better grade than somebody else! We're taught to compete and to get our happiness from the *un*happiness of others.

For us education is the creation of a free society. Anyone who wants to teach should be allowed to "teach." Anybody who wants to learn should be allowed to "learn." There is no difference between teachers and students, because we teach and learn from each other.

The professors and the students are the dropouts—people who have dropped out of Life. The dropouts from school are people who have dropped into Living. Our generation is making history in the streets, so why waste our lives in plastic classrooms?

High school students are the largest oppressed minority in Amerika.

We know what *freedom is* when we hear the bell dismissing school.

"School's out, I'm free at last!"

Teachers know that unless they control our toilet training, we'd never stay in class. You gotta raise your hand to get permission to go take a shit. The bathrooms are the only liberated areas in school.

DROP OUT!

Why stay in school? To get a degree? *Print your own!* Can you smoke a diploma?

We are going to invade the schools and free our brothers who are prisoners. We will burn the buildings and the books. We will throw pies in the faces of our professors.

Revolution Is Theater-in-the-Streets

You are the stage.
You are the actor.
Everything is for real.
There is no audience.

The goal is to turn on everybody who can be turned on and turn off everybody else.

Theater has no rules, forms, structures, standards, traditions—it is pure, natural energy, impulse, anarchy.

The job of the revolution is to smash stage sets, start fires in movie theaters and then scream, "Fire!"

The theatrical geniuses of today are creating the drama of Vietnam in occupied school administration buildings across Amerika.

The Living Theater, far-out guerrilla theater group, came to Berkeley while people were fighting the National Guard in the streets. As pacifists they opposed the street action.

Living Theater eliminated the stage and joined the audience. Revolutionary theater.

"I am not allowed to smoke marijuana," one Living Theater member sobbed. He was offered five joints.

Another cried, "I can't take off my clothes!" Around him people stripped naked.

At the end of the performance, everyone left to take the revolution to the streets. The cast stopped at the front door.

Revolution-in-the-auditorium is a contradiction. We get pissed when our revolutionary energy is wasted with a play that is defined by walls and exit doors, by starting and ending times, by ticket prices.

The only role of theater is to take people out of the auditorium and into the streets. The role of the revolutionary theater group is to make the revolution.

* * *

The college newspaper editors had this superconference in Washington, D.C., late in 1967. They invited a token yippie. But there is no such thing as a *token* yippie. Where one yippie goes, all yippies go. Ask for one and get a thousand.

So we went to Washington to meet the college editors.

We freaked out as soon as we arrived. The editors were all alike. Carbon copies of each other. Is there a factory somewhere producing college editors? They conversed as if they were talking to each other on the telephone. There they were, person-to-person, in the swank Sheraton-Park Hotel in Washington, D.C., and they had long-distance, talking-on-the-telephone conversations and personalities.

Their campuses had been burning down all year, and they were hung up about whether they would compromise their journalistic "integrity" by editorializing on the Vietnam war.

Just keeping quiet amidst all the bullshit was a copout, I felt. It implied the discussion was "reasonable." Is the Vietnam war merely a subject for disagreement between reasonable men? Do these editors think a hassle between a Southern redneck cop's club and a black man's head is only a difference of opinion between two reasonable men?

Paul Krassner, tripping on acid, got so hysterical over their matter-of-factness that he began to bawl. "People are dying in Vietnam, and you're talking like this," he sobbed over and over.

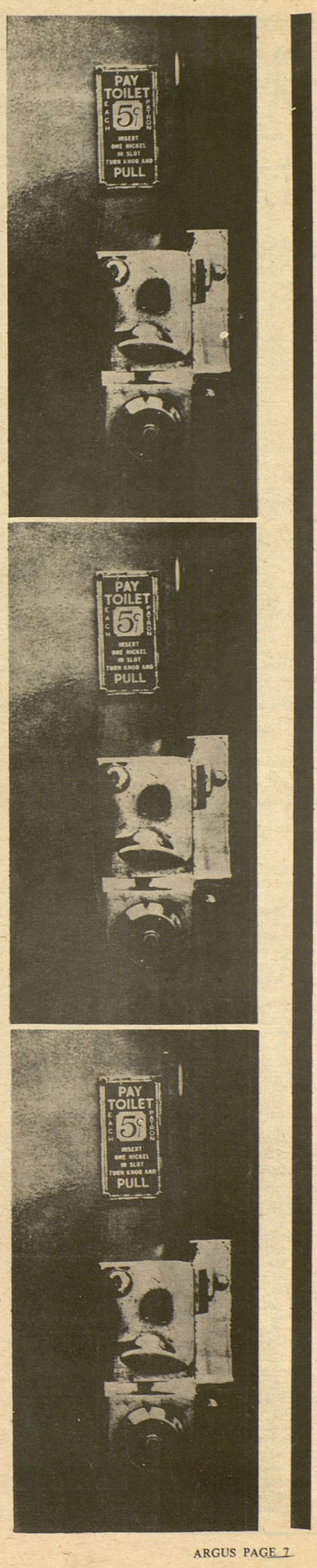
The boy editors did not understand just how conspiratorial we yippies are. We infiltrated their program committee to set up a rigged debate for the afternoon: "Should College Newspaper Editors Association Take a Stand on the War?" That morning we all dropped acid and got ready for battle.

Dig this: Some of the editor-looking people in suits, short hair and ties at the debate were members of the Washington Street Theater. Only 15 of the 500 "editors" were consciously actors, but I couldn't tell who was who. I couldn't believe anybody was a real editor. Everybody acted like an actor. Everybody was playing "editor." Who was real; who was unreal?

It was the most stupid discussion I'd ever heard: Should we take a stand standing up? Sitting down? On the toilet? For negotiations? For the war? Against the war? Has the Associated Press taken a stand on the war? Who is the Associated Press?

Someone made a motion to table all resolutions and take no stand. The motion passed. Suddenly the lights went out and across the wall flashed scenes of World War II fighting, burning Vietnamese villages, crying Vietnamese women and napalmed children, image after image. The room echoed with hysterical screams. *"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"*

[Continued on Page 10.]



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Chairman Bobby

By ABE PECK
Special to the Argus

CHICAGO, Jan. 29—Bobby Seale returned to the scene of Julius Hoffman's crime today.

The jury had its mind blown. Filing through the doorway like ducks on a suet-coated string, they flipped out when they turned and saw Bobby smiling down at them. One juror, who the defense calls "Bobby Seale's mother" was smiling back by the time she reached her seat.

The Judge was his usual self. Julius Hoffman, who had Bobby bound, gagged, and sentenced to four years in prison, reached into his robes and pulled out the nerve to ask, "Are you Bobby Seale?: For the record, of course. Julius Hoffman, who set up the titanic November confrontations by refusing a standard continuance when attorney Charles Garry needed an emergency operation, peered down toward Garry, who was in court to protect Bobby from self-incrimination, and said, "Glad to see you after all these months." Julius Hoffman, who runs his court like a basketball player trying to play all the positions at the same time, would look straight ahead and then suddenly peek over at Bobby. Bobby was always peeking back, with a gleam in his eye that said as much as a well-aimed middle finger.

The defense supoenaed Bobby from California to refute the idea of "conspiracy" and to remind the jury that last fall's symbol of white Amerika's guilt was a human being rather than a radical's position paper. In a dramatic scene, attorney Bill Kunstler went around the table, put his right hand on each of the remaining seven defendants. and asked "Did you know——— prior to the Democratic Convention?" Each time Bobby's answer was the same; "Never seen him before in my life."

Being a good revolutionary, Bobby knows that different situations require different tactics. When there was a issue of rights, Bobby fought like a demon. When Hoffman ordered him silenced, Bobby made all of white Amerika conscious of its conspiracy to keep black people down by forcing an image of a bound and gagged black man on to the 6:00 news. Today, when the task was to score points with the jury and to reinforce the previous message, Bobby was all smiles. Whenever he said words like "pig," he always put them into a context of being ghetto words or words spoken in the heat of battle or words justified because the subject was "a person or a policeman who was generally found violating the constitutional and the human rights of the people...and was usually found masquerading as a victim of unprovoked attack." Sometimes he even goofed on the rhetoric; when asked about police concentrations in Lincoln Park, he said "the pigs were piggyback."

The headlines read, "Polite Seale Testifies at Conspiracy Trial." Bobby knows Amerika well enough to understand that there are times when strategy dictates that the Man think you're buck-dancing when in fact you're winning.

But Bobby also knows that the time will come when people will dance in the streets. His Lincoln Park speech, which was played for the jury, contained many references to armed self-defense and was heavy enough to make Kunstler comment that the defense was taking a risk in calling Bobby to the stand. Charles Garry, worked out an arrangement with the judge which allowed him to make objections through Kunstler.

Bobby had quoted Huey Newton's definition of power – "The ability to define phenomena and make it act in a desired manner" – and then said that Huey being charged with murder [later dropped to manslaughter, was a sentence of 2-15

[Continued on Page 23.]

PHOTO/Liberation News Service

venceremos

The Great Pis

By now most everyone has an idea of the repression that's going on in America.

Fascism.

Bummer.

Genocide.

Horror Show.

We encounter it when we go to traffic court and hear the clerk whisper about our hair. We get an idea of what it's about when we're stopped and frisked on the street. We flash on it applying for a passport or falling in on a straight cousin's wedding or putting on a costume when things get tough and it becomes time to look for a straight job.

Some people come a bit closer to the heart of the matter. They get a chance at ten years in the penitentiary for trying to stop the war and Abandon the Creeping Meatball. They get to spend ten a.m. to five p.m. on the twenty–third floor of the Federal Building, inside what Abbie Hoffman calls "the neon oven." And they get to suffer before Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman.

Judge Hoffman. During the three–and–one–half months of the trial, he has earned a few other names;

The Yippies called this cartoon of a man "Magoo" at the beginning of the trial, because he looked weird and talked as if his larynx was made of sandpaper.

The Panthers called him "Adolph Hitler Hoffman" when he bound and shackled Bobby Seale.

The people who show up every day now merely call him "the Judge," because he's become too far out to bag with a single word or phrase.

If National Educational Television piped the Trial into Political Sciences calsses, every high school and college in the land would have a riot when people saw the gap between the theories they're fed in class and the reality of how the courts actually function.

Julius Hoffman is the worst priest in the worst parochial school in Chicago.

Julius Hoffman is the guy who heads up detention class.

Julius Hoffman is the truant officer.

When a defendant is sick in Julius Hoffman's court, he has to bring a note from home.

When a defendant talks at the table in Julius Hoffman's court he risks getting his name written down in the Big Black Book. ["He knows if you've been bad or good."]

When a 54–year–old defendant gets treated like he's six, he knows that he is in Julius Hoffman's court.

Julius the Just.

"The Judge" has a vampire for an ego, and he never misses a chance to feed it. He arrested four lawyers when the trial began for withdrawing by telegram rather than fly 3000 miles each to make ten–minute appearances. He spoke about his role as the savior of "the Negro people of Chicago" on the same day that he sentenced Bobby Seale to four years in prison for daring to insist on being his own attorney. He nearly perished from glee when he got the chance to ORDER Richard J. Daley, the very man for whom this "due process" is being held, to raise his voice.

The current phase of "The Judge's" bum trip began on January 8th, when Ed Sanders, poet, author, and rock and roller, testified about the Yippies. He got "The Judge" off his chair when he introduced himself as a "peace creep." He raised him a little higher when he explained that the second Yippie meeting had consisted of a half–hour's meditation in front of a Che poster followed by another half–hour during which he, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and others strapped baggies full of ice cubes on their feet and ran about to "toughen their soles." He brought him full to his feet when he revealed during cross examination that the Yippies had planned for "dawn ass–washing" and a giant ceremony at Soldier's Field in which "Hubert Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg his secret preference for anal intercourse.

From then on, "The Judge" was in the ozone. He nearly barred the next major witness, Professor Don Kalish of UCLA and the National Mobilization, because he wanted to take the oath from Column B, the one without "God" in it. He threatened the lawyers when they asked questions a bit outside the scope of the examination. And then, just before the end of the day, he told all present that the defendants would have to use the dirty, seatless crapper in the lockup adjoining the courtroom instead of the clean, tiled shithouse down the hall.

The defendants no longer could leave the room, even if they raised their hands! The reason? Talking in the hallways!

The Great Toilet Issue came to a head Friday morning. When reading the transcript, keep the following things in mind:

"The Judge's" voice, which sounds like chalk being dragged across a blackboard and shifts from tenor to falsetto when something "irks" him.

His appearance, which has been described as a turkey

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CAMPAMENTO BRIGADA VENCEREMOS, Cuba [LNS] –The night of Jan. 8 was the coldest and windiest so far. Each of the 216 North Americans and 60 Cubans in the Venceremos Brigade was freezing his or her ass off in the unheated tents in the grips of a "tropical" cold front.

But when the bugle went off at 5:30 – a half hour late – everyone got up like he had a reason to, and by six o'clock, the trucks were warming up to take us to the fields.

The new tote board in the control post said, "15,000 arrobas" [1 arroba equals 25 pounds] left to cut.

By sometime in the morning of Friday, 9 Jan., we were a millionaire brigade – we had cut one million arrobas, or 25 million pounds of cane, in five weeks of cutting. We had reached our goal one day ahead of time, despite rain, cold, half–hour truck rides to the field and a kind of can we came to call "steel spaghetti."

Members of the Venceremos Brigade began talking about becoming a millionaire brigade about the time we had a visit from the "Guerrillas of Bolivia," a group of tobacco industry workers who had just become the first millionaire brigade in Havana Province and were aiming for five million by the end of the harvest in July.

We were seven times the size of the Cuban brigade, but we had only six week sto spend at it and no experience. More important, one million arrobas for the Cuban people is one million arrobas for the Cuban people, no matter how you cut it.

At the end of the third week, with more than 500,000 arrobas under our belts, a meeting of the whole brigade made it official – a million or bust. Our contribution to the 10 million ton harvest was going to be real, not merely symbolic.

The following Wednesday – New Year's eve to you– we held a special meeting to celebrate the triumph of the revolution, which occurred on New Year's eve 11 years ago. The traditional New Year's festivities in Cuba have been postponed until after the harvest this year. In the spirit of this dedication to the work of the revolution, the camp management announced that, in its opinion, we could make the million a week early, by Jan. 10. They challenged us to do it; we accepted.

"I've never been so excited on New Year's Eve," one girl said," and there isn't even anything to drink."

Because the purpose of our effort is to demonstrate international solidarity with the Cuban revolution, the 10 Vietnamese fighters and workers who are also participating in the harvest announced their intention to come and cut with us sometime during our million week.

At the beginning of that week – the fifth one – we were right on schedule, with 200,000 arrobas left to cut, but it wasn't looking like a shoo–in. Fields were going down, and all seven of our brigades were ploughing through a field of thin, light–weight resilient cane which a woman from New York nicknamed "steel spaghetti." Cold weather ["this is the coat I wear for snow in Boston"] was aggravating colds, flu and assorted camp illnesses. The next fields to be cut were too far to walk, 20 to 30 minutes away by truck with only four trucks for seven brigades. And Wednesday, it rained all morning, so nobody could cut. We had 125,000 to go.

But suddenly we realized what the Cuban people had known for years:

All we needed was the will and determination to work. The management proposed a state of combat alert, which meant an early start that afternoon and a new schedule: 6–11 a.m. and 2–6 p.m., which gave us two extra hours a day until we reached a million.

Everyone whispered, "Ugh, getting up at 5 a.m., are they still going to show movies until 11? How are we going to see to cut at that hour?" But we said we would

Chairman Fred

"The Coroner's jury's verdict speaks for itself; it is recognition–by an independent objective agency–of the truthfulness of our police officers' account of the events of Dec. 4."
–State's Attorney, Edward V. Hanrahan

"... a well-rehearsed theatrical performance designed to justify excessive police conduct in killing and maiming members of the Black Panther Party."
–James D. Montgomery, lawyer for the Illinois chapter Black Panther Party

"We got a bad deal. That Gerber guy did everything except pull the trigger."
–Mrs. Iberia Hampton, mother of slain leader Fred Hampton

CHICAGO [LNS] – Smug. Bland. Blind. The special Coroner's Jury convened to investigate the killing of Illinois Black Panther leader Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, another Panther, by police gunfire came out with a verdict on Jan. 21, after five hours of deliberation.

"Certain city of Chicago policemen... in execution of a search warrant...did then and there use firearms which they reasonably believed to be necessary to prevent death or grave bodily harm..."

It is almost impossible to avoid feelings of indignation, shock, pure rage. You knew that this was coming from the day the jury was first called. But the case was too clear. From the time of the killing, the attitude of the establishment press to the police account ranged from skepticism to open sarcasm. The jurors would have to note what thousands of people had observed–that there were no signs of any bullets fired in the direction of the doors through which the police had entered Hampton's apartment, clusters of bullet holes around the places where the Panthers had lain, and stood, and two of them had died. They would have to...

They sat there–six "blue-ribbon" investigators. They sat there for 12 days and heard 14 police officers and assorted state "experts" shuffle, stack and deal a marked deck of lies and contradictions.

These blue ribbon men. This independent, objective agency.

Martin S. Gerber, 62-year-old bankruptcy attorney, presiding. If you saw the man on the street, if you overheard him talking on the subway, you would probably laugh. He wears suits of the same cut as those worn by Richard J. Daley. He greets his sudden prominence with a ponderous display of colloquialism. He calls for lunch hour by saying, "I think this would be a propitious moment for all of us to go out and put on the feedbag." He finds murders justifiable. "...everything except pull the trigger."

Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed during the pre-dawn hours of Dec. 4.

Sgt. Daniel Groth is the man who led the raid on that apartment at 2337 West Monroe where Hampton and Clark were killed. In five days of testimony at the inquest, Groth revealed himself as either a man with no memory whatsoever or a pathetically bad liar.

On December 10th, Groth told the press: "We didn't take tear gas because of the specific nature of our mission and the fact that we'd have the element of surprise on our side. Under the law we had to enter that flat and serve the warrant for a search. We couldn't just lob tear gas in there and charge."

On January 8th, he had two different reasons for not using teargas:

Gerber: Did you think of using teargas?
Groth: No, sir.
Gerber: Why not?
Groth: Didn't see any need for it, sir.

And a few minutes later.

Gerber: Why didn't you take teargas to subdue resistance?
Groth: There was no teargas available to us at that time.

Groth also testified on January 8th that the first shot fired in the raid was fired by Brenda Harris, an occupant of the apartment. Groth said that this shot was fired simultaneous to his entering the apartment and it "lit up her face." At that point he fired two shots in her direction, he said.

By January 12th, Groth had changed his mind. At a visit to the apartment 13 days after the raid, Groth said on the

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sing Incident

Mr. Magoo
a melon atop a pile of black sheets
the Mad Hatter [in a Chicago Bar Association play, no less]

His mannerisms – due to his size, his face is barely visible over the table in front of him. The slightest opposition to his will turns his face from cancer white to apoplexy red and makes him rock back and forth in his chair like a cat building momentum before a pounce

The style of Dick Schultz, who operates like the kid who comes into a high school bathroom, takes a drag or a toke, and then runs to the principal to turn in the bad element of the school.

SCHULTZ: As I walked back to the counsel table, Your Honor, Mr. Rubin was laughing at me and snickering at me, and I pointed to the bathroom. I did this, Your Honor –
RUBIN: He said, 'Go to the bathroom.'
SCHULTZ: Your Honor.
RUBIN: –like it was a victory for you to force us to go to the bathroom.
SCHULTZ: I said that. It was not very professional of me, Your Honor. Apparently, I succumbed a little bit to Mr. Rubin's harassment that started four months ago, a procedure and technique they have been using on authorities and policemen all of their lives. They have been trying it on Your Honor and on Mr. Foran and myself, and I did, I succumbed, and I pointed to the bathroom, and that was improper, and I'm sorry, very sorry that I did that...
KUNSTLER: [William Kunstler, defense attorney] ...I would like to have the record show a motion for a mistrial at this time. Mr. Schultz –
THE COURT: And the record may contain the Court's order denying it, Mr. Kunstler.
KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.
THE COURT: What did you say?
KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.
THE COURT: Oh, it has so little basis...

[Len Weinglass, the other defense counsel, opens the afternoon session with a written motion for a mistrial. This time the jury is not in the room.]

WEINGLASS: ...Now, Your Honor, that statement is the basis for the motion for mistrial. The Court, of course, is aware of the fact that if these seven men were on trial for an alleged bank robbery and the prosecution in the course of the trial for that bank robbery referred directly or indirectly to any prior criminal activity in the nature of bank robbery, that would be an automatic ground for a mistrial. Likewise, with these seven men on trial allegedly for inciting to riot, the prosecutor saying in front of the jury–and the jury was in at this time– that these men had all their lives been harrassing authorities and policemen has the same effect as the prosecutor in a bank robbery case offering to a jury his own testimony that these men have engaged in such activities before...

The Court, after Mr. Schultz made that statement, neither admonished Mr. Schultz nor directed the jury to disregard that statement. The prejudice is clear. It hasn't been wiped clean. It's in the mind of the jury. I don't think it can at this stage be eliminated...and is an adequate basis in law for a mistrial.
THE COURT: [leaning forward and yelling] Have you finished your presentation?!!!
MR. WEINGLASS: I have not.
THE COURT: I asked a serious question of a lawyer, Mr. Marshal. Will you instruct the defendants at the table not to laugh out loud when I ask their lawyer a question. I shall not ask him any further questions, since I seem to provoke mirth every time I speak.
Mr. Marshal, I wish you would watch that.

[The Marshal tells everyone to be quiet. After a discussion about whether or not Bobby Seale can be called as a witness, Schultz addresses himself to the Great Bathroom Incident.]

SCHULTZ: Secondly, with regard to the motion for the mistrial as to my statements. Your Honor, since this trial began in September there have been colloquies, one–way colloquies – I guess they're soliloquies in that case – from the defense table to Mr. Foran and myself.

They have been going on on a daily basis. They have been profane, they have been – as I mentioned before, they have related to our religious – that is, my religious convictions [note: Rennie Davis is alleged to have said that Schultz, a Jew, "would have been a prosecutor for the Nazis"], they have related to our morals and they have gone on on a regular basis every single day. Some days they are more intense than others. On occasion I have called them to Your Honor's attention; other times we just let them pass. When

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DOITDOITDOITDOITDOIT!

[Continued from Page 7.]

A voice boomed over a bullhorn: "Attention! This is Sergeant Haggerty of the Washington Police. These films were smuggled illegally into the country from North Vietnam. We have confiscated them and arrested the people who are responsible. Now clear this room! Anyone still here in two minutes will be arrested!"

The editors fell over themselves rushing for the door. People were trampled. Noses bloodied. Clothes ripped to shreds. They believed they were going to be arrested for seeing a fucking film. They believe they live in a Nazi country. They accept it.

A husky crewcut cat, in suit-and-tie with a name tag saying he was an editor from Brigham Young University, climbed up on a chair and yelled, "I've just come back from Vietnam. My brothers have died in my arms. The fools in the White House are going to kill us all. We are college editors. We have power. We must be brave!"

Is this guy real? Or part of the Washington Theater group? I didn't know. But did it make any difference? Everything was *real* and *unreal.*

The editors were stunned. Chaos and anarchy reigned. The longhaired college editor who had plotted with the yippies freaked out at the monster he had created. "You will have to decide for yourself whether the police are real or not."

"We have been taken for fools," an editor from Duke blurted out. People broke down, crying. They began talking to one another off the telephone. It was an emotional breakthrough.

Through theater they learned something about themselves.

Up against yourselves, motherfuckers.

Senator Eugene McCarthy was coming to a press conference later that afternoon. The college editors were going to run a real "Meet the Press" show. They pleaded with us not to disrupt it.

"Bullshit," I thought. Showbiz is showbiz. A press conference is free theater for anyone who can make the best use of it.

The purpose of a press conference is to make news. News is free. Why assume that the only one who can make news is the candidate who answers questions?

Somebody nearby was reading a *New York Post*, and I saw headlines: REDS CRACK HUE JAIL, FREE 2000. *A delirious rush!* Two thousand human beings who were in jail just hours ago were now free! McCarthy claimed to be against the war. For what other reason could he be against the war except to see the Viet Kong free?

McCarthy, distinguished, reserved and gray, finished his 15-minute speech and was clearing his throat to answer questions when I jumped on the stage, put my arm around his shoulder and shouted joyously: "Gene, people are free! People are free in Vietnam today! Aren't you happy?"

The television cameras were grinding away. I wanted to kiss McCarthy, but he was too cold, too unresponsive. I felt like an unrequited lover, my emotion unreturned. Gene tried to ignore me, continuing the press conference as if I weren't there.

Within seconds five more yippies on all fours, yipping like little puppies, were snapping at his heels.

The editors freaked out. They begged us to stop. Gene was surrounded by the revolutionary Marx Brothers. We made faces at him. We cheered. We booed. But he went on, trying to defuse this crisis just as he wanted to defuse the Vietnam crisis with cop-out liberal bullshit.

An Indian drum in the background. Dum-dum-da-dum. Ten people ominously carried a coffin toward us, slowly as in a funeral procession. As they got closer and closer, Gene got edgier and edgier.

"Don't worry, Gene," I said. But he was still trying to pretend I wasn't there.

The coffin carriers approached McCarthy. The coffin had a sign which said, "Electoral Politics." They overturned the coffin and hundreds of McCarthy buttons tumbled out with a crumpled Amerikan flag. McCarthy turned away and split from the press conference.

The college editors were uptight, very uptight. They started moving toward me, hungry for blood. They seethed with stronger emotions than they had over Vietnam. Their professional reputations had been spoiled. They went berserk.

"What are you so pissed off about?" I asked. "McCarthy paid us $20 to do this. His campaign was dull. He did it to make national television."

Up on the wall went signed resignations of embarrassed editors. One editor tried to punch out a yippie.

Being an ex-reporter, I felt self-righteous. "We gave you a story, and you're angry! Are you trying to be reporters like your daddies? Fuck press conferences.

"Go home and watch television!" I screamed. "TV is putting you all out of business!"

* * *

Straight people expect radicals to march in circles, carry picket signs and shout slogans. Radicals have to put away their picket signs and start using their wits.

Dig it: Bobby Kennedy was coming to San Francisco to speak at a $500 a plate dinner for Big Democrats.

$500-a-Plate!!!

Some people must be awful hungry!

What do Democrats do, fast for weeks so they can come on like starving lions, devouring fantastic quantities of food, refilling their plates time and time again, and finally ending up in a lusty chorus of belches: "Now that was a damn good $500-dinner, Bobby"?

It sounded like a rotten deal to us, paying $500 for dinner. Some of us don't see $500 in a year's time. So we got to Kennedy's dinner an hour early and set up a table outside with bread, bologna and mustard, and we made lots of bologna sandwiches to give free to all the necklaced women and tailcoated men coming to eat Senator Kennedy's big dinner.

When the straight people arrived, us freeks shouted to them, "Have a free bologna sandwich! Why pay $500 for bologna inside when you can get free bologna right here?"

"You scum, you dirt, you filth!" they screamed back at us.

I thought only Republicans talked like that.

We were even prepared for the Jack Newfield-types, liberal fuck-offs who come on to revolutionaries real chummy-chum-chum.

"We're really for Castro," they explained, "but we're working for Kennedy so that we can make things easier for revolutionaries. Besides we got free tickets."

We made the phony liberals prove their friendship to us by eating our bologna sandwiches. Those bologna sandwiches were guaranteed to ruin their appetites. Then they wouldn't dig Bobby's $500 dinner.

You are what you eat!

* * *

Suppose one day 5,000 trucks traveled through a city announcing, "The war in Vietnam is over! The war is over! Turn on your radio for further information." Within two minutes everybody would be calling their mothers. "Hey, Mom. The war's over!" Nixon would have to go on TV to reassure the Amerikan people that the war was still *on.*

We plastered World War II vintage posters of a sailor kissing his girl on V-D day all over New York City. They announced the celebration of the end of the Vietnam War.

Two thousand teenagers and assorted nuts showed up at Washington Square Park.

We didn't know what to do with ourselves, so we went around playing with our noisemakers and telling each other, "The war is over!" (For most of us, the war had never begun.)

Then we got into a huge huddle and started counting backwards—100, 99, 98, 97, 96—and as we got into the 20's more freeks joined in and when we hit 1, everybody screamed, "The war is over!" and we ran up Fifth Avenue to share the good news with fellow Amerikans.

We caught the cops unprepared. They thought we were going to be nice boys and girls and celebrate the end of the war by playing in the park sandbox all afternoon.

But instead we surged through the streets screaming, "The war is over!" Cab drivers honked their horns. People abandoned their cars to come ask us, "What did you say?" Even prowar types said, "Is it really? How do you know?" Allen Ginsberg ran into Automats, threw his hands to the sky, leaped into the air and shouted at the top of his lungs, "The war's over! The war's over!"

Everything was part of the celebration. New York cops on horses and in squad cars with sirens screaming came to clear the streets. We thought the police were celebrating the end of the war, too: they brought their own noisemakers and props. Red and green lights, animals, traffic jams and noise all became part of the celebration.

Nobody was sorry to hear the war was over. And even more amazing, nobody asked, "Who won?"

Nobody gave a fuck.

The celebration **broke people out of their accustomed** roles. Prowar people couldn't figure out how to react to this psychological assault on their minds. They couldn't ignore it like they could have ignored signs saying, "End the war."

Because theater grows out of each situation, the key to theater is timing. In the summer of '67 it was appropriate to shout that the war was over. But then LBJ pulled a theatrical trick on us: *he* said the war *is* over.

The role of the Peace Movement during the Paris negotiations is to show people that the war is still *on.*

The yippie demonstration in Chicago was the reverse of the War Is Over celebration. We ran through the streets shouting, "The war is on!"

It was.

* * *

The CIA is conducting an exhaustive dragnet to find the teenagers who call themselves the Crazies, and who have struck terror throughout the city of New York, invading public meetings at peak moments, ripping off all their clothes, shouting "Rome Wasn't Destroyed in a Day!" and then disappearing mysteriously into the night.

They dressed as waiters at a big feast of liberal senators at the Hilton. J. William Fulbright, J. Kenneth Galbraith and Ed Muskie, expecting their dessert of apple pie and coffee, instead were served pigs' heads on platters.

Then Robin and Sharon stripped and stood radiantly naked before the thousands of middle-class people. Horrified women hid their eyes. Men giggled and stared. Shelley Winters threw her cocktail at them.

Some women began beating naked Crazie Sharon's beautiful thighs with umbrellas.

One woman shouted: "**BEAT HER! SHE'S NAKED!**"

And all across the room liberals shouted, "**BEAT HER, SHE'S NAKED!**"

The power structure automatically imposes a frame of reference which forces people to see things from the Man's point of view. When a policeman shoots a nigger, that's "law and order." But when a black man defends himself against a pig, that's "violence."

The role of the revolutionary is to create theater which creates a revolutionary frame of reference. The power to define is the power to control.

A thousand books, articles or speeches about self-defense by the oppressed could not have defined the situation as dramatically and clearly as the action in Oakland, California, one October morning in 1967. A shoot-out between two cops and two Black Panthers. One cop lay dead in the street. Huey P. Newton was under arrest, charged with his murder.

The Man tried to execute Huey. But millions of people —black people, white people, liberals, radicals, revolutionaries, housewives, doctors, students, professors—identified with Huey. They said black people *should arm themselves* against the violence of the pigs.

Huey's action redefined the situation for all of us and put the police on the defensive.

The Panther uniform—beret, black leather jacket, gun —helps create the Panther legend. Three Panthers on the street are an army of thousands.

The assholes of the California State Legislature met in Sacramento to pass a gun control bill directed at disarming the victims of the pigs—black people. So the Panthers drove to Sacramento to personally visit their congressmen. They brought their guns. They carried them into the statehouse.

The idea of armed mad niggers invading the Sacramento legislative chamber! The nightmare of every fat-cat congressman! Far-out guerrilla theater!

Fear and paranoia are the luxuries of suburban leftists, armchair intellectuals, graduate students, the uninvolved. The further you are from the movement, the more scared you become. The Black Panthers aren't afraid. The yippies aren't afraid. The Viet Kong aren't afraid.

But in your living room, you're scared shitless. And that's just where the power structure wants you.

In the middle of a riot, I've never found anybody who's chickenshit. The way to eliminate fear is to do what you're most afraid of.

The goal of theater is to get as many people as possible to overcome fear by taking action.

We create reality wherever we go by living our fantasies.

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ARGUS WOMEN'S LIBERATION SUPPLEMENT

Greece: the coming country. Come.
Makeup for the working girl.
"Shame on those ambitious mothers who rush their little girls into nylons, heels, padded bras, sophisticated hairdos, and theatrical makeup and let them go to all-night prom parties with a boy who got his driver's license last Monday."
If she doesn't give it to you, get it yourself!
There is nothing quite as nice as having someone take care of you.
ARE YOUR IDEAS AS YOUNG AS YOUR HUSBAND'S?
What's the ugliest part of your body?
Unfortunately, the trickiest deodorant problem a girl has isn't under her pretty little arms.
how to get & hold a woman
The whole idea of a man's cologne is to start a kind of fire in a woman.
JADE EAST
How does Mrs. Burke stay as slim as her teenage daughter?
Let's play show and tell.

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By GAYLE RUBIN

A true Copernican revolution must be imposed here [Africa], so much is rooted in Europe, and in all parties, in all spheres, from the extreme right to the extreme left, the habit of doing for us, the habit of thinking for us, in short the habit of contesting that right to initiative which is in essence the right to personality.

—Aime Cesaire—

This relationship of initiative to personality describes the essential mode of interaction between women and society; but it is too simple. To know what to do about it, we must understand all the complex determinents which cause, preserve and enforee this relationship. The role of women is not determined by one or even a number of simple variables. Rather it is a structure made up of the convergence of many separate structures – economic, sexual, psychological, etc. The one with which I want to deal is the structure of our relationship to the economy. By this I mean to ask questions about how women live – what kinds of exchanges do they make for food and shelter.

I

One of the most obvious exchange relationships for women is the one embodied in prostitution and which is involved in marriage [marriage, however, is made up of several relationships, one of which is prostitution]. It is interesting to note the horror with which people describe "prison marriages" – where weaker men are forced to enter into homosexual "marriages" for protection. Women have done this through most of recorded history – exchanged their bodies for money, protection, or food and shelter. It is the most generally recognized and approved exchange they can make.

II

A second major relationship to the economy is that women are unpaid producers in the house. Women whose main role is that of wives and mothers do a staggering amount of work – the Chase Manhattan Bank estimates a woman's overall work week as 99.6 hours per week! Yet somehow there is the feeling that housework is not work, that it is the husband and father who works.

Every time a soup is made or a button sewn on a garment, it constitutes production, but it is not production for the market...In sheer quantity, household labor, including child care, contributes a huge amount of socially necessary production. Nevertheless, in a society based on commodity production, it is not usually considered "real work," since it is outside the market place. It is pre-capitalist [production]...

—Margaret Benson, "The Political economy of women's liberation", Monthly Review, Sept. 1969.

When housework *does* become a money commodity, it is practically valueless. Domestic labor [maids] is the lowest paying job category there is [about $1500 a year] whereas a janitor gets at least twice as much for similar maintenance work. Moreover, that category is almost entirely filled by black women [there are so few men in that category that the U.S. Department of Labor does not calculate a median wage for them].

Among the results of this arrangement is that the wage earner [husband–father] "pays for" the labor of his woman – thus the wages of one person buys the labor of two people. That labor must be done for each person to live, and normally, under capitalism, since the capitalist pays the worker enough for him to live, he should bear that cost. Instead, there is the division of labor within a family unit–the woman doing maintenance and the man working for money, and both are paid for by the wages of the man.

This makes the man extremely vulnerable–the family is one of the primary ways of maintaining discipline in this society. A man's ability to withhold his labor is greatly reduced by his having dependents, and his mobility is impaired. The woman–economically dependent on the man–becomes fearful and conservative and discourages his taking economic risks [such as a strike].

Moreover, the cult of the home is what allows women to be such an ideal reserve labor force. When labor is scarce, they are mobilized to work, as in the two world wars. As soon as unemployment rises, women fade back into the home. [A woman who is not working is not considered unemployed; she is a housewife.] And even when women work, housework is still their responsibility. Even when they are working outside the home they must somehow do the laundry, the cooking, the shopping, and the cleaning. Women who work carry two jobs. Although access to jobs is a necessary precondition for the liberation of women, it is not sufficient, as can be seen in Russia, where housework is still the responsibility of women.

To sum up:

"The amount of unpaid labor performed by women is very large and very profitable to those who own the means of production. To pay women for their work, even at minimum wage scales, would entail a massive redistribution of wealth. At present, the support of a family is a hidden tax on the wage earner. And second, there is the problem of whether the economy can expand enough to put all women to work as part of the normally employed labor force...At best, the change to capitalization of housework would only give women the same limited freedom given most men in capitalist society...At present, our unpaid labor in the home is necessary if the entire system is to function. Pressure created by women who challenge their role will reduce the effectiveness of this exploitation...All of these will hopefully make quicker the transition to a society in which the necessary structural changes in production can actually be made." [Benston]

III

What the analysis of housework given by Benston fails to talk about, however, is that at present two fifths of American women are in the labor force, and what their situation is. I will attempt to summarize the characteristics and trends of their participation in the work force [based on U.S. Department of Labor statistics.]

Almost all women who work do so out of pressing economic need. Many are single, divorced, or separated. Moreover, there are 4.6 million women heads of families. Lastly, the largest majority of married women who work have husbands whose income is under the government standard poverty level. It is income of wives which keeps these families from being classified as poverty families.

Women are channeled into fields which have low pay and are often extentions of their role in the family–clerical work, service work, some factory operatives [usually the lowest paying], teachers and medical and health assistants. Women predominate among elementary school teachers; clerical workers, private household workers, waitresses, and cooks.

Although women on the average have more education than men in the labor force, they are mostly in the most mindless jobs. The median salary for women in 1966 was $3973 while that of men was $6848. This is due to the distribution of women in the lowest paying categories, and to the pay differential for many jobs, women receive much less than men doing the same work. A male salesman makes about $7744 annually; a woman with the same job makes $3283. This is true for countless other occupations.

Many women who work full time are poor–especially female heads of families. Three out of ten women working full time year round receive less than $3000 per year. Women's share in professional and technical work has declined radically. Along with this development has been a decline in the percentage of women receiving advanced degrees. Women received 15.4% of all PhD's in 1930; they received 10.8% in 1965. Women are increasing among the less skilled jobs and are underutilized in relation to their educational attainment. "A startling percentage of women who had completed five or more years of college were working as service workers [including private household] operatives, sales workers, and clerical workers in March, 1966. About one-fifth of employed women with four years of college worked in these occupations." ["Underutilization of Women Workers," U.S. Dept of Labor]. Unemployment of women is higher than that of men, not counting those women classified as housewives. The unemployment rates are most severe for nonwhite women. Women who work in factories work in the lowest skilled jobs, and are more vulnerable to lay-offs.

The situation for black women is most acute. The percentage of black women who work is very high, and they work in the lowest paid jobs. Many are heads of households.

The most startling general trend is that more women than ever are working–that most are married–and that the home is rapidly ceasing to protect women from the imperatives of the market. The Department of Labor says that 90% of girls today will work sometime in their lives. Thus women are on a cusp of change–caught in a contradiction between home and work place, and neither side of the contradiction is an attractive alternative. The woman's role in the home disables her in the market; the market is increasingly using women in the most exploitative way. Meanwhile, as more women work, the market undermines the nuclear family which provides their traditional role.

IV

We must now examine how the role of women in the labor force is related to contemporary neocapitalism. The most obvious is that they function as a division of the labor force. Historically, divisions in the working class in which some groups of workers are privileged above others have resulted in worsening the condition of the class as a whole. For example, white workers in the South, feeling they are better off than black workers who live in extreme poverty, are poorer in general than workers in the north. In the north, too, racism is used to blunt class contradiction. It is profitable to discriminate. Super-exploited minority groups are used as a reserve labor force to smooth over cycles in the economy, and to perform vital but menial, dangerous, or poorly paid jobs. Employers then use this disadvantaged group against the more advantaged workers, who see blacks, women, etc, as threats to their security when in reality their insecurity is due to their employer, not to the disadvantaged group.

For example, runaway plants move to non-unionized states or switch job classifications from men's to women's work thus taking advantage of discriminatory practices and using them as a weapon against male workers. Historically, moreover, those disadvantaged workers [especially blacks] are more desperate for work [since they always have higher unemployment], and have been used time and time again to break strikes by white workers. The white workers blame the blacks, rather than management.

Another good example is that of electrical assembly work in California. The men in the union felt that they should get higher wages than women. As the gap widened, more women were hired, since they worked for less. The men complained bitterly that women's wages kept theirs down because the women worked so cheaply and were getting all the jobs. Their chauvinism resulted in their losing jobs and getting less money. Racism benefits nobody but the employer. It is directly profitable particularly to pay women less than men for the same work. One calculation [Grace Hutchins, **Women Who Work**] is that "extra profits from employing women at lower rates than men formed 23% of all manufacturing company profits."

Another way to squeeze the working class is to hire part-time employees, who do not become eligible for fringe benefits. It is common practice for an employer to hire and to fire them right before they have worked long enough to be eligible for vacation pay, seniority, medical benefits, etc. Or an employer might find it profitable to hire two part-time workers instead of one full-time worker. Women form a huge bulk of such part-time and temporary workers–thus, again, they are cheaper.

Such temporary hiring and firing benefit the local union as well. They collect dues from people who are laid off before initiation into the union and for whom the union does nothing. Thus the use of part-time and temporary workers to break down working conditions, fringe benefits, and pay scales often is aided by short-sighted union officials.

Moreover, it seems increasingly clear that women workers are being used to smooth over the present crisis in the U.S. As workers' real wages are declining, as the economy becomes more desperate, it is less and less possible for a man to support his family. Women are drawn into the labor force, and paid enough to keep the family above the poverty level. Thus, the unrest that might be generated is prevented.

Further, women workers are being used to bear one of the costs of production of almost every industry–the education of its personnel. As technological advance creates needs for more highly educated people, more and more kids must have college training. A great deal of college education is paid for by working wives, whose supplementary income sends their children to college. This education should be paid for by the companies who hire the educated. Just as our taxes pay for the roads which are a necessary cost in the production of automobiles [instead of those taxes being used for cheap public transportation], so we bear a tax which educates the personnel for advanced industry.

Also, the remarkable growth of families at higher income levels between 1947 and 1965 would not have occurred at such rates had not many married women

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been working. According to **Monthly Labor Review** [Feb. 1968] the rapid growth of the number of families in the middle class income brackets during this period. This may be one of the most important results of the exploitation of women—because the growth of the American middle class is seen by many theorists as one of the primary barriers to radical social change in this country. The middle class is characterized by being a bought-off part of the working class—better paid, more rewarded, but still lacking any real power over the means of production. Whenever one speaks of radical change, one hears about how happy, comfortable, and well-off everyone is in Amerika—both working class and middle class. If more and more women were not working, these well-fed, comfortable families would be feeling more pinch.

The demands for which we must organize in order to begin to break down the structure of economic exploitation of women and the use of them to exploit men, would have to include the following:

1. Equal pay for equal work, and equal access to better paying jobs; an end to discrimination according to sex, race, etc.
2. Free birth control and abortion for any women who wants it.
3. Maternity leave for working women.
4. Free public nurseries and child-care centers for whoever needs them; the sole responsibility for children must no longer be on women. Some ways of dealing with this are communal styles of living, public care of small children, and a shortened work week so that fathers might spend time with their children. For instance if part time work had the security and benefits of a 40 hour week, both parents could work 20 hour weeks. At present this is impossible because part-time work is so insecure. Moreover, Baran and Sweezy claim that if capitalist waste were eliminated in this country, the work week could be reduced to 8–10 hours [**Monopoly Capital.**] This would eliminate the problem of part-time work.
5. Something must be done about housework. It should be industrialized and made more efficient. Men and women should share it equally, or have the option of socialized housework [communal kitchens and dining rooms, etc.]
6. The expense of raising and bearing children must be socialized.

V

These demands, along with others, must break down the current relationship of women to the economy, a relationship made up of the three economic structures which compliment and reinforce one another—the simple exchange of one's sexuality as an economic commodity; the structure in which women are unpaid household servants; and the complex increasingly common situation in which women enter the labor market but in a disadvantaged condition which is derived from and justified by the first two structures of prostitution and household slavery. We must do this in unity with the struggles of all other oppressed groups, for in contemporary neocapitalism it is the super-exploitation of several groups which maintain the system of exploitation for all. Liberation for any of us is impossible without liberation for all.

the PILL

By ELLIE MEEROPOL

Increasingly in the past months, the media has been offering rational panel discussion, hour-long documentaries, and factual articles on IS THE PILL SAFE?

The men who developed, researched, and sell oral contraceptives calmly discuss the statistical possibilities of blood clots, cancer, strokes, eye damage and infertility in women on the pill.

Most women have no way of learning about the effects of these drugs on our bodies. We can listen to these men who, for the most part, would lose a lot of money if the pill were discredited and taken off the market. We can ask our doctors questions. They do receive a minimum of cautionary material from the drug companies.

But most gynecologists treat women as stupid children who must be sheltered from anything possibly bad, to avoid hysteria. We can document cases of women having to argue for information about contraceptive methods other than the pill, of women having an IUD inserted without their knowledge or permission, of women being mocked, talked down to, degraded in various ways by their doctors.

Many studies show serious health hazards in the pill. Barbara Seamen's new book **The Doctor's Case Against the Pill** [which I haven't been able to find yet in Ann Arbor] tells of research that is unpublished because of its results not being what the drug companies want to hear.

In addition, many of the original studies were done on poor women in Puerto Rico; their deaths weren't even autopsied. Planned Parenthood clinics today give out free "study" pills to poor black women, to gather data by using the most easily "expendable" part of the population.

Most of us have no real way of making an intelligent decision on this. Women are not taught to think critically about things; women are not in positions of power to learn what is really happening in the laboratories. Doctors lie, smooth things over, or simply don't know. The pills are said to affect every major system of the body, and most of these effects are not known.

Women are easily molded and controlled by their men who want their sex untroubled by thought of having to prepare.

Women are being used as guinea pigs, and cheap ones at that. The women who may die because of the pill are unimportant to the larger capitalist concerns of the drug companies and their government lobbies. The damage already done to women's bodies cannot be undone. But we must unite and educate ourselves if we are to reject the callousness of chauvinist experimentation and to control our own bodies in the future.

More than 10,000 women are expended each year in Amerika. Abortions, obtained illegally and consequently performed under unsanitary and brutalizing conditions, are the cause. Women are now demanding that we be liberated from the chauvinist, facist oppression which deprives us of the crucial right to control our bodies. Each year over one million women defy this legalistic oppression to obtain abortions. We women do not recognize repressive laws. We insist on the right to determine our destinies. We continue to terminate unwanted pregnancies. We also are the power behind the movement to repeal abortion laws.

Women demand:

1. Control of our bodies. We will fight to have the abortion laws completely repealed – we will not tolerate reformism. We insist that each woman have the right to decide to terminate any pregnancy for any reason. We do not acknowledge a husband's or father's so-called "property" rights. Women alone should make the decision.
2. Women demand that the exorbitant exploitive fees for abortions be lowered and fixed at prices realistically in line with the technical skill required.
3. Women fear that the facist-chauvinist system will turn the repeal of abortions into a tool for exploiting poor and powerless women into unwanted abortions [not to mention involuntary sterilization] "for the welfare of the society." We demand that laws be enacted which will prevent this oppression. We insist on **voluntary** abortions.
4. Women demand that the society recognize that abortion is a necessary alternative for fertility control. When contraceptive devices fail, a woman must have the right to terminate her pregnancy. It has become increasingly apparent that oral contraceptives are dangerous to the health of women, as well as hazardous to the genetic structure of ovum.
5. Women demand the right to decide to terminate pregnancy without the emotional trauma and stigmatization that doctors, husbands, employers and other oppressed women force upon them.

Organize to repeal abortion laws! Organize to provide information and support for women who wish to have abortions! Call 668-6605.

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WOMEN & ECOLOGY

Within the last year, Americans have tuned in to a whole new concept – ecology. Though traditionally ecology refers to a biology dealing with the mutual relations between organism and the environment, to most Americans it has come to refer to how human beings, with the help of modern technology, have fucked over the planet in an attempt to conquer Nature.

Though this article is about Women and Ecology, it is difficult to directly link women's oppression to specifically ecological problems, because Nature's retaliations to our technological war are not the least bit male chauvinistic. Ultimately, men and women are affected in exactly the same way – both die equally fast as a result of asphyxiation, starvation, carcinogenic [cancer–producing] preservatives or over-exposures of radioactivity. However, I do see one ecological problem affecting women most directly, that being over-population.

The problem of over-population has one obvious solution – birth control. But birth control, not even dealing with the religious and physiological aspects, is a very touchy issue because it has so many moral implications. What set of values or standards do you use in dictating to a woman that she must have a hysterectomy or an abortion when she doesn't want one? Or what gives the U.S. the right to demand that India start putting sterilization drugs in the drinking water when it is the U.S. that exploits 60 to 70 per cent of the world's resources with only 7 per cent of the world's population.

Let's face it, the approach to population control has been lousy. Just look at the way birth control is practiced in this country. Women use birth control before, after and between having as many kids as they want, which may be ten kids. And who are the ones using birth control and having small families? It's the middle and upper classes – and that's no accident. All the methods of birth control, except rhythm, which is roulette, and abstention, which is ridiculous, cost money. Especially abortions, even legal ones, cost in the neighborhood of $500–$1000.

The education of women indirectly ties into the number of children produced. In order for a woman to begin understanding what birth control is all about, she must have some basic knowledge about her body. It's only logical that she understand how she gets pregnant in order for her not to get pregnant. What's the use of talking to a woman about the rhythm method when she doesn't know what ovulation means.

Still another reason for large families within the lower class has to do with economic, social and cultural differences. The repressed lower class is fatalistic about controlling the conditions of its life–having babies is simply a part of their existence. For the middle and upper class, there are alternative ways to gain social recognition. But the poor, who have no access to these social and economic alternatives, recognition is intimately tied to making babies.

From what I've laid out so far, it seems clear what kinds of steps must be taken. Make abortions [not only in the cases of rape, incest and insanity] free and legal! Make safe and effective birth control free and readily available to all women! Give welfare mothers the money they need to feed and organize their children!

Let's organize women to learn more about their bodies to avoid unwanted pregnancies and also to get their shit together so that their identities aren't wrapped up in the baby manufacturing business – women are then free to decide to have fewer or, if they prefer, no children at all. And let's convince people who want kids that there's nothing sacred about their genes and there's lots of kids already born who need parents.

There's another completely different viewpoint from which birth control must be looked at and examined carefully, and that's *genocide*. As a college student of the lily-white middle class concerned with the population explosion, I had never given a second thought to the idea of legalized abortion, limited family size and the rest–I was all for it. My thoughts began to change as I heard that some black welfare mothers were against legalized abortion and why. It was reported that in a hospital somewhere in Washington, D.C., black women on welfare were automatically being sterilized when they came in to have their babies delivered.

You might respond as I did – that's impossible, a hospital can't perform an operation like that without the consent of the patient. But it is not at all difficult to imagine a situation where an unsuspecting woman, going through the long, form–filling procedure required for hospital admittance, is very matter-of-factly asked, "Of course you would like the doctor to perform a dilation of the cervix and a curettement of the uterus [better known as D and C or Dusting and Cleaning] to be followed by a hysterectomy [cutting of the uterus which makes the woman sterile] after your delivery." The woman, not understanding what the hell is going on, signs on the dotted line and comes out of the hospital with a baby she never anticipated would be the last child she could ever have.

I'm not against sterilization of women. I think every woman and man should have control over their bodies which includes sterilization if that's what they want. What I'm against is THE MAN coopting population control to meet his ends. And the trouble is, it looks as though it can easily be done. I don't have to rap down a long scenario to speculate what might happen in this country if abortions were legalized. Mandatory abortions and hysterectomies could easily get written into new welfare legislation. Then Wallace and his followers would make sure the legislation was enforced and abused to the hilt in the ghettos. Besides keeping an eye on the overt racists, it's gonna be tough convincing the guilt-ridden white liberals not to get hung up with the White Man's Burden of insisting on strict birth control for Third World people because "it's for their own good."

Or what would happen if Congress passed a bill that would set a limit of two children per family. It would be the rich that would find doctors that would testify that having only two children was detrimental to their psychological well-being. It would be the rich that would have their hysterectomies and abortions done in hospitals that were clean and well attended. It would be the rich that would be able to afford the high taxes that the government would impose for having more than two kids. And it would be the rich that could more readily adopt kids because the criteron for selecting prospective parents depends directly on income.

It looks like black welfare mothers know where it's at in this country. The only trouble is that by opposing new abortion laws they are not focusing on the real issues. Genocide is inherent to *racism, capitalism* and *male chauvinism*, birth control or not, women won't be able to control their own bodies. And it doesn't matter what the current domestic problem, the net result will always be the same – oppression for women, blacks and the poor.

–Dina Zvenko–

Vickie Thornton before her Mark Eden Course. BUST 36"

Vickie Thornton after 8 weeks on her Mark Eden Course. BUST 39½"

Michele Calewarts before her Mark Eden Course. BUST 35"

Michele Calewarts after 8 weeks on her Mark Eden Course. BUST 38½"

Barbara Hayes after 8 weeks on her Mark Eden Course. BUST 36D

Black Liberation

What's Women's Liberation got for a black woman?
By ELIZABETH WILLING

To find out if women's liberation had anything to offer me, I had to first go to some meetings, read some literature, and discuss some of the issues. I certainly agreed that women as a group and as individuals have some common problems they can become aware of and try to resolve. On the other hand I have met only a couple of other black women in Ann Arbor involved in this thing, but maybe I'm missing a few. So I have asked myself if black liberation is more crucial at this time than women's liberation – am I dividing my energies? Well, yes and no.

Surely black men and women have a stake in redefining what masculinity and femininity are. I would hate to see the black man accept in an unmodified form the white man's definition of manhood. It seems that in our country the history of white men has been one of exploitation and oppression of others. How else did our country get to the position of power and wealth it is today? The white man started out here by advancing himself over the dead bodies of Indians and the Afro–Americans. I would not like to see a modern, but black edition of John Wayne as evidence that the black man has made it.

Nor should a black woman be asked to step back so her man can come into his own. No one should have to go backward in this movement. The man and woman should help each other get to the same level and from there go on to loftier heights together. If a marriage or any other relationship is to be a healthy one, both parties must respect the need of the other for personal growth. If both are aware of the pressures on the other, this responsibility is a much easier one to tackle.

In another vein, after running through Calvin C. Hernton's **Sex and Racism in America** and Grier and Cobbs' **Black Rage**, I came to the conclusion that black women have a particular stake in redefining womanhood. To be beautiful, too long, was to be blue eyed and blond haired. To be black and a woman was sometimes an obscene thing. If white womanhood was up on a pedestal, where did that leave black womanhood? But then, few black women could afford to be on a pedestal. Who can have soft "feminine" hands after doing factory work or domestic work all day? And why worry about having a different dress for every social occasion if no one would remember what you wore last year anyway?

On the other hand, the focus of most of the women's liberation groups in Ann Arbor is on the concerns of middle–class white women. That is to be expected, since there is only a small minority of black women involved. However, that does not mean that black women could not form a group to speak to their needs, as black people and as women. Some beautiful things could happen! Call me at 769-4553.

Women, Unite!

There are six women's liberation groups in Ann Arbor. They vary in size, composition and interests. Most are open to new members. Most of the ongoing new projects are issues of concern to all of us.

At present, three committees which cut across small group lines are going. If you are interested in working on these contact:

Abortion Repeal committee – Barbara Hart, 668-6605

Day Care – Shelley Kroll, 769-6847

Speakers Bureau – Beth Schneider, 662-3409 [this is for anyone willing to rap in dorms, co-ops etc., and for anyone who has a group who'd like to be rapped with]

A steering committee composed of one representative from each small group and one from the course on women and the group studying economic discrimination against women makes certain simple decisions [e.g., calling mass meetings] and these same people serve as contacts for their particular groups. If you're interested in any information and/or want to join a small group, contact

Judy Coshak – Tues night at 663-7271

Marzi Schorin – Tues night at 662-8594

Norma Finkelstein – Mon night group at 761-1832

Randy Clarke – at 769-0046

Ann Terkle – Thurs night, at 662-6626

Beth Schneider – Thurs night, at 662-3409

Sue Brannite – at 665-4044

Nan Byum – course on women, at 662-2631

Gaye Crouch and Roz Daley – Study on Economic Discrimination, at 764-7480/2

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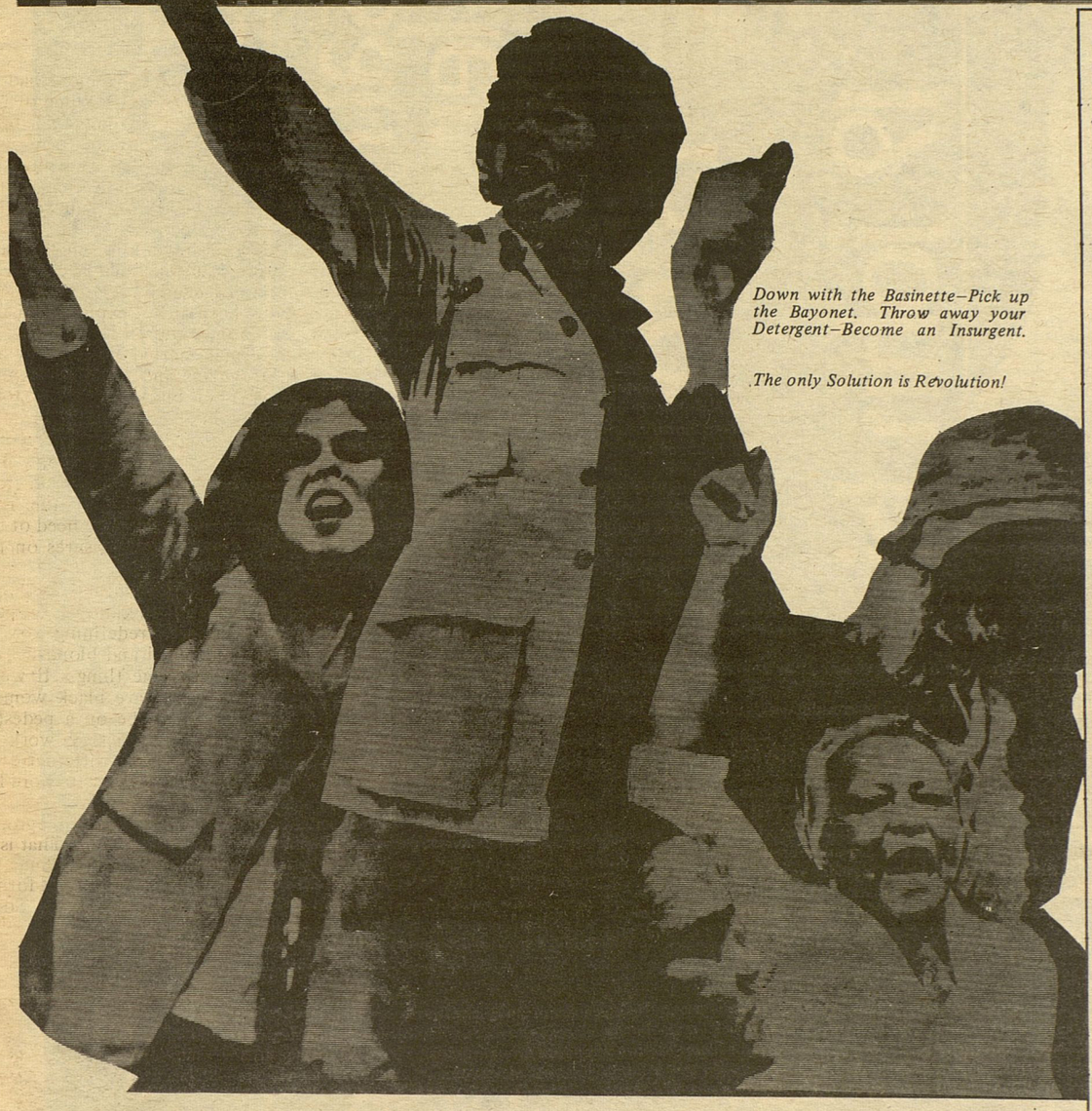
WOMEN! FREE OUR SISTERS



Down with the Basinette—Pick up the Bayonet. Throw away your Detergent—Become an Insurgent.

The only Solution is Revolution!

By NANCY KOHN

Last November, the Black Panther Party of Connecticut in a coalition with New England women's liberation groups called for a massive demonstration in New Haven to demand the immediate release of six Panther women held without bail at the Niantic State Prison Farm on charges of conspiracy to murder.

The women were among fourteen Panthers held since August accused of Kidnapping and murdering Alex Rackley, an alleged police informer [though the Panthers claim he was a member in good standing of the BPP.] The New Haven 14 were arrested in a rash of police raids on Black Panther offices throughout the nation following Rackley's murder. [The Ann Arbor 6 can testify to that.] The Panthers charge that the police used the murder as an excuse to harrass and repress the BPP and to arrest Bobby Seale.

On Sat., 22 Nov. more than 3000 people from all over the East Coast marched on the courthouse. What in particular brought people to New Haven was the inhuman treatment of the six women, three of whom were pregnant when jailed, one of whom has now given birth. Though they have been neither tried nor found guilty of any crime, the women are isolated from other prisoners; deprived of their right to exercise, fresh air, and proper [maternity] clothes; deprived of their choice of counsel or doctors, and information about childbirth; denied sleep due to constant noise and bright lights installed outside their windows; and in the end may be denied the right to their children.

Rose Smith weighed 133 lbs. six months ago when jailed, and now in her eighth month of pregnancy has gained only one pound – a victim of Niantic's prenatal care. Francis Carter gave birth to a boy on 21 Nov. under heavy armed guard and after 30 hours in labor. There is a good chance that the three women will be declared "unfit" mothers by the state and that "suitable" homes will be found for their babies. The women argue that the Black Panther Party should be considered the guardian of their children. Recall that they have been proven guilty of no crime. It is an obvious case of repression against women as women and as Black Panthers.

The demonstration was conceived of and organized totally by women and about two–thirds of those attending were women. The impact of this realization was overwhelming and led to a great oneness in the crowd. They marched under red banners reading "Free Our Sisters, Free Our Selves." Militant welfare mothers were in the lead, followed by women's liberation groups and men holding up the rear. The speakers at the rally were all women. Beth Mitchell, communications secretary of the N.Y. Panthers spoke both of repression and women: Brothers and Sisters are separated during this demonstration not because we think men are inferior, but because our sisters in jail are carrying the seeds of revolution. All power to the babies! The youth will lead the Revolution!"

Janet Marie Jones, also a Black Panther, next warned against forming separatist groups. There had been obvious tensions between Panther women and women's groups on that issue during the organizing process, with women's liberation being labeled the "Kotex Brigade." Lucy Liben of New York women's liberation spoke then, rejecting the state's definition of "fit" mother and "suitable" home and insisting that a mother is not "unfit" because she doesn't conform to repressive political, social, marital and cultural codes. The last woman to speak was from the Young Lords, and she affirmed the Lords' solidarity with the Panther women.

It was a strange conglomeration of people; upper middle class women chanting "Fuck Harvard, Fuck Yale, Get the Panthers out of Jail," as they marched past the gawking students waiting to go to the Harvard–Yale game; Black and White welfare mothers; Black and Brown women fighting against immediate political repression, and a supporting group of men. What became clear was that women everywhere are organizing to show the system that "we will not tolerate the oppression of our sisters anywhere in any way, shape, or form."

Many women throughout the country have come to recognize that self–defense is an integral part of their ability to liberate themselves from repressive psychological images and oppressive institutions to which they have been bound most of their lives.

Self–defense is seen as essential for several reasons.

First, in many places, such as Boston or Ann Arbor, the murders of women, which continue unchecked, have brought the issue of women's ability to protect and defend themselves into prominence. These murders typify very common perceptions held about women in this society. The woman is a helpless object, with disembodied heads, breasts, legs – a plaything or a cut–out doll, existing in the media and advertising throughout this repressive culture and, consequently, in most minds. Further, the woman as a helpless creature, one who won't fight back, who will yield with little resistance, is a powerful image held by men. And, unfortunately by most women too. Men conquer; women yield. It then becomes easy to explain this aspect of all those press reports about the murders, "there was no sign of a struggle."

The official response is more street lights, advocacy of the use of mace, umbrellas, alarms, etc., and the warning to women to never go out alone, only escorted by a big, strong man who will protect you from all those other men.

Women have been saying "no thanks" to these suggestions. We are beginning to say we will find ways to defend and take care of ourselves; we won't depend on a man every time we want to take a walk in Ann Arbor; we will make it difficult for anyone ever again to take us for helpless, fearful beings.

Second, women are learning self–defense to free themselves of the usual educational and social channeling they have received, one which has systematically denied to them any recognition of their physical potential. Women never do physical things, and hardly ever play out on the streets or learn sports. Our physical weakness brings with it powerful psychological consequences. We end up feeling we should be weak, that someone must protect us. Middle class women [and men] seem particularly alienated from the potentialities and beauty, both physical and sexual, of their own bodies.

For this reason, many women and men are learning karate. They are becoming aware of their physical potential, learning to mobilize their whole body, and gaining much needed self–confidence.

A third important reason for learning self–defense; women are increasingly becoming aware that women's liberation is an integral part of the struggle against the oppressive institutions of a corporate capital society. Women are becoming leaders in the movement much more frequently than in any time previously. The increasing militancy of our actions makes it extremely necessary to be a strong force against repression used against us. Self–defense becomes an essential component of our anti–chauvinist, anti–racist, and anti–imperialist struggles at this time in Amerika.

Self–defense should be an important consideration for any woman involved in fighting against the oppression of her own life and for the freedom of other oppressed groups both within Amerika and throughout the world.

Self–Defense in Ann Arbor

1. Karate, for men and women, every day, Ann Arbor Recreation Dept., call 665-8821, meets at Jones School, 401 N. Division.

2. Michigan Self–Defense Academy, for karate and physical fitness, call 769-2978, meets at 212 W. Huron, 8 am – 10 pm every day.

3. U of M Tae Kwon Do at Angell School, every day M–F, 7–9; Sat 10–noon, meets at Angell School at South University and Oxford.

4. U of M Tae Kwon Do in West Quad, 2nd floor dining room, T–F, 7–9, Sun 2–4.

–Beth Schneider–

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6 sam fuller
film-director, cinema guild 7pm Arch Aud $1.25
and featured dancers. Modern Dance 8:30 pm Hill Aud $2.75
8 louis falco
Lasers by Addition, Inc. Louis Loyd and Alan Lite
12, 13 the concept
Off Broadway Show. Thursday 8pm, Fri. 7:15 & 10 p.m. Trueblood, $2.75
15 tom wolfe
Author of Electric Kool Aid Acid Test.
Lecture & workshop 3pm Hill $1.25
22 joseph strick
Director of Ulysses. Rushes from "Tropic of Cancer". 2pm, nat. sci. aud. $1.5
Black Artist. Slide Lecture. 8:30 pm Angell Hall Aud B $1.00
19 john biggers
JAZZ FESTIVAL WITH
BOTH CONCERTS AT 8:30 PM HILL AUD. $3.25
20 miles davis, ron carter
NONBALL
21 adderley
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SINCLAIR, 2

[Continued from Page 24.]

the people] can get close to half a million of its supporters to come all the way to Washington in the face of stomp threats to show him what it means. Nixon's making all of Johnson's mistakes and not a few of his own, and with every new twist he loses a little more control, and gets himself deeper into the maelstrom of popular dissent, at the bottom of which, is, the bottom! The end of the line, not only for Nixon but for the whole decadent social order which he so perfectly represents.

Spiro was right on when he said that the media is controlled by a tiny group of men—he's not supposed to admit that in public, because such admissions lead people to look further into the matter, and into the other branches of the whole capitalist power structure. After all, they've been told over and over again that the media are the servants of the people and like the government are controlled by the people, and now Spiro's trying to confuse them. But I will submit that Agnew is so stupid—the whole Nixon administration is so stupid—that they feel they can say anything they want to and get away with it, because they are sure that the people are still strictly under their control and will believe anything the government tells them.

But it isn't 1952 anymore, nor 1959, even, it's 1970 coming on and Nixon is going to find out very painfully that the people have learned a lot since the last time he was in power—and that knowledge has come the hard way, through struggle, and isn't easily explained away. The children of Nixon's contemporaries—David and Julie Nixon to the contrary notwithstanding—have waded through a lot of shit, a lot of beatings and arrests, a lot of lies, misrepresentations, and cynical distortions of the truth, a whole lot of grief, anguish, blood and tears in the 1960's to get where we are now, on the actual threshold of a whole new age in America and throughout the world. No one can stop us now. More people are getting hip to it every day. We have started to make our voices heard throughout the land, and that's the first step to real power, a step that must be taken in this mass age [for the medium *is* the mass/age] so we can then move on to mobilize the broad masses of the people to free themselves and to abolish once and for all—for *all*—the tiny ruling elite that has been calling the shots for all of us.

Huey P. Newton said once, "Power is the ability to *define* phenomena and make them act in a desired manner." A person or an organization of persons has real power when it can *define* the phenomena within its reach and make them act in the desired manner. The process of definition includes both definitions through language control and definition through control of material conditions, including economic control, control of the information media, control of the means of production, and control of armed forces strong enough to insure all the other means of control. A power structure maintains political, economic and military control and maintains that control through cultural control, starting with the control of the essential element of the culture—the language. Which is to say that if you control the language of a culture you are well on your way to control of all the other elements of that culture, or at least you have the possibility of extending your control from that base. Conversely, the first step toward breaking a controlling power's hold on the people is to break down their control of the language through which they maintain their rule. When one party to a dialogue can define the terms of that dialogue he can control the outcome of the dialogue within a predetermined set of limitations. Or to put it another way, the question will determine the answer in any given situation, or at least it will limit the answer. If you ask the wrong question you can never get the right answer. If you state the terms of discourse the discussion will stay within the boundaries inherent in those terms—unless the second party alters the terms altogether, in which case he will take control of the discussion.

For example, to go back to the beginning of these remarks, if I say that you are invading my territory and aim to cause violence to my property or my person, my institutions, or my laws, and if I have the arms and troops under my control which make my laws supreme, and if I have control over the information media by means of which the masses of the people are made aware of developments in my territory, then I can almost certainly control your behavior, all things being equal. Your position may be that you are coming to protest my control over all this, that you wish to make a "peaceful" protest, that you abhor violence, and that you have a right to such a protest; but your argument simply will not be heard, all things being equal. And, I will force you finally to deal with the situation on my terms—I will make you respond to the question of "violence," and not matter what your reply the people who witness this exchange or dialogue will be left with the distince impression that I was correct in showing force to make sure you didn't engage in "violence" and that perhaps I would've been justified altogether in denying you permission even to enter my property because you may've done violence to it.

Of course all things *aren't* equal anymore, if they ever were, and the dynamic is changing somewhat. But the government was able to take the biggest part of the striking force of the demonstration away from the demonstrators simply by exercising its ability to define the phenomenon in its own terms. The government was able to make that phenomenon act in the desired manner, i.e. "non-violently" and finally ineffectively. I read afterwards that many people felt they had been cheated somehow by the experience, that they had gone to Washington to make a very specific point—that the war in Vietnam must be ended immediately—but that the point somehow had been blunted. No shit. The government just used the means at its disposal to obfuscate the issue, and then made sure its point was made and taken by stressing afterwards that the demonstration had indeed been a violent one, and that the Just-us Department was investigating the causes of the violence to see what had caused it.

Now in situations like these the people who are there in person to experience it for themselves have a chance to get the real story, but even many of those people have to read about it in the papers or see and hear about it on television to make sure that they had experienced the same thing as the other people who were there. And those who weren't there have the choice of either believing what the government says through the press, or not believing it. Some people may come forth, and may or may not be given access to the means of communication, to say that the government was lying all along, that something else altogether from what the government reported had happened, but they will inevitably be characterized as liars themselves or, even worse, as "communists" and enemies of the government and, by extension, enemies of the people. The people then have the choice of believing the government or believing their enemy who wishes only to destroy them.

Let me use another example: the courts and the "laws" of the established government. In Ann Arbor, for example, a number of students at the University are tired of being absolutely controlled by the school administration and the Board of Regents and move to break some of that control by demanding a modicum of control over their own working conditions. They want a student-owned, -operated, and -controlled bookstore, for example. The Regents and the administration refuse to hear their demands and bring in experts [who also own the present bookstores in town and turn a nice profit from them to tell the students that the proposed bookstore would never work. The students, who aren't quite so dumb as the Regents etc. would think, don't buy this shit and turn to their only recourse. They "seize" the LSA Building to symbolize their determination that their demands be answered. All parties to this dealec-

[Continued on Page 19.]

university store
Open till 11
Mon-Thurs
also sun afternoons
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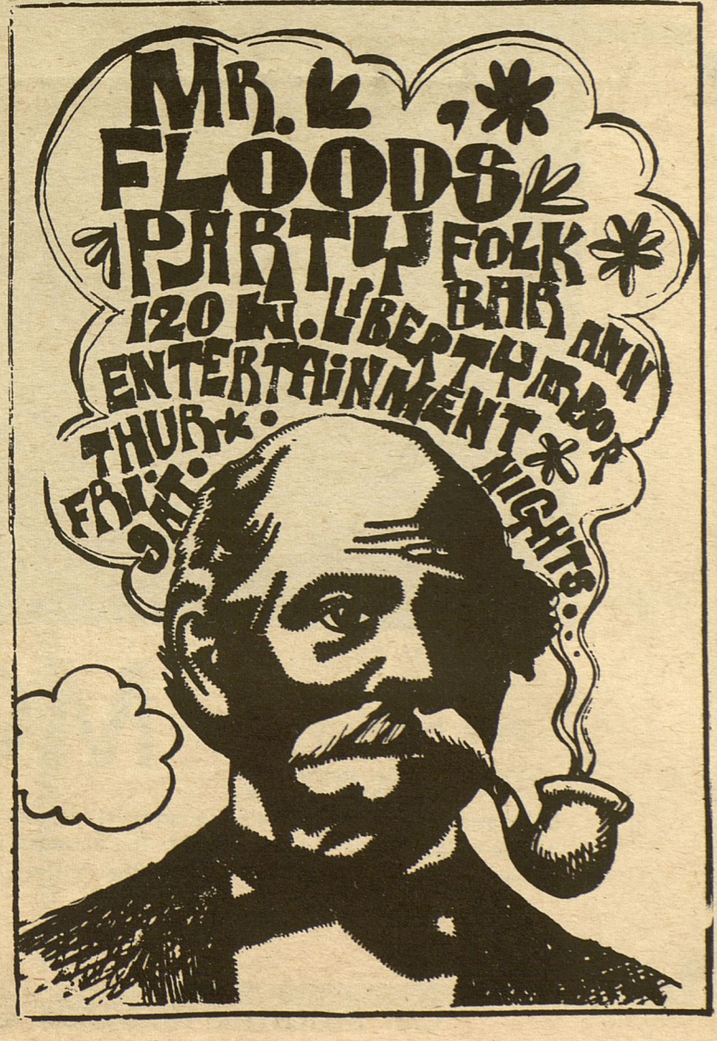

"STRAIGHT LINES"
BY DAVE FULLER

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BACK IN THE USA

MC5

Includes: Tutti-Frutti • Tonight • Teenage Lust • Let Me Try • Looking At You • High School • Call Me Animal • The American Ruse • Shakin' Street • The Human Being Lawnmower • Back In The USA

ATLANTIC

On Atlantic Records & Tapes

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SINCLAIR, 3

[Continued from Page 17.]

tic between the students and the ruling powers know what the issue is and are fully aware that it is a political issue being dealt with in a symbolic fashion.

The students then "seize" the building and the administration, mumbling and grunting that the students will not "listen to reason," declares that the students have "broken the law" and calls in the local armed forces. The armed forces march on the LSA building armed with clubs, guns, chemical incapacitators, and other weapons and protected by invisible shields, helmets, etc. The students are sitting calmly in the "seized" building waiting for the arrival of the armed forces. When the army shows up the students offer no resistance and are taken from the building in an orderly fashion. The building is still intact, there has been no resistance to speak of, and the students—109 of them—are shipped downtown to the police station to be booked and charged with—what—a crime! A crime! Now they are no longer students but common criminals. They have committed a crime against property and are now to be processed and defined in the same category as a chicken thief, or as someone who breaks and enters a building with intent to steal. Their symbolic protest has been redefined as a simple criminal action with no political content at all, and when they are taken into the courts to be tried no mention is made by the prosecution of the political nature of the crime—they are in fact charged with interfering with the janitors' business of cleaning up the LSA building. And what is even more incredible, they all go along with this definition; if any of them protest being improperly categorized and classified as criminals the judge and the prosecutor deny the legitimacy of breaking the law and to be properly punished for doing so.

The kicker is that on the symbolic political level the protest has its appropriate effect, and the Regents and the administration finally come around and give up the bookstore, claiming that they would've done it anyway if the students had just been "reasonable" and had just acted through the "proper channels." The students accept the victory and go back to court, where they are still classified as common criminals and are still subject to being punished as criminals, by being thrown in jail for an appropriate term or by being fined an appropriate amount of money, enough in either case to make them realize the error of their ways. The only problem is that they really didn't make any error—their action was wholly effective in its original terms until the terms were altered by the existing power structure. Then they became criminals and remain criminals even now, even though the bookstore issue was won through this criminal action.

Another quick and good example is the Beaver 55 group, some members of which were arrested a week or two ago in Midland. Beaver 55 had invaded a draft board office in Indianapolis and destroyed draft files, and had broken into an office of Dow Chemical in Midland and destroyed some files which they felt pertained to war-material research, although Dow denied later that any important war-related materials were destroyed. Beaver 55 wrote an explanation of their actions, which defined their work as political, anti-war, anti-imperialist activity, and sent the release to the press. When they were arrested by local police they were charged with—what?—conspiracy to break and enter a building! Criminals! Common crooks conspiring to commit a common crime! Not a word was said in the media reports of the arrests about the political nature of their "crime"—it was simply reported that they were being charged with the crime of "conspiracy to break and enter."

Another example lies in the way the established order denies legitimacy to the revolutionary youth culture by branding its values and folkways "criminal"—our language is "obscene" and criminal, our use of marijuana, LSD, and other consciousness-expanding chemical agents is illegitimate and criminal, our music is illegitimate, our homes in many cases are illegal dwellings—our whole culture is illegitimate within the terms of the established order.

The whole question of "politics" is even more to the point when we talk about the federal government in America. By the government's definition "politics" includes activity by the Democratic and Republican parties [both of those names are meaningless by any objective measure] and by certain outlawed organizations like the Communist Party USA. Any other groups or organizations are termed "political" only when their activities are directed at or otherwise come within the sphere of activity of the federal or state governments. By the government's definition there are no political crimes, just criminal activities which fall within certain illegal classifications. Huey P. Newton can't be considered a political prisoner—he was merely convicted of manslaughter; Bobby Seale is not a political prisoner, he's charged with murder; Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, Lee Weiner and John Froines are not political criminals, they merely conspired to cross interstate lines in order to cause a riot; I am not a political prisoner, some undercover police spy says I gave him two joints three years ago and I deserve every minute of the 9½-10 year sentence I'm serving now. You dig?

What we have to do is change the whole mode of engagement, stop accepting the pig's language and the terms of his discourse so we can start defining the situation ourselves, in terms of objective reality. You remember when the police and the established order used to be called "The Man"? Now it's commonly accepted within a large segment of the population that the same animal is known as "the pig." You dig? We are making some progress, but we will continue to be repressed and fucked over until we manage to seize control of the language and use it as an instrument to help us seize state power, to help us throw the pigs out of the driver's seat, take over his vehicle and remodel it so it will serve the needs of all of the people. As long as we repudiate his language/control mechanism and develop our own language, our own institutions, our own analysis and program, we can start moving to free ourselves, and all the people, from this miserable state.

This takes us back to the question of "violence." We must remember that we do not desire violent struggle, but if the pig will not loosen his grasp on what is ours he will have to be dealt with in a manner that will force him to let go. We would rather have him give it up peacefully, but we know that his time is past and he must be made to give it up by any means necessary. We have had enough of pigshit, and if the pig will not step down from the stage of history of his own accord he will have to be brought down. Two million people going to Washington and carrying candles in front of the White House and shouting the names of dead brothers at the pig inside that place will not convince him and his partners in the capitalist ruling class to give up their control and turn the state over to the people, nice as it might be to think so. Negotiating with Porky Mitchell's Just-us Department for a permit to march down the street is not going to do it—we should be negotiating with those punks for the release of Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton and all political prisoners being held in United States prisons, and if Porky won't respond to negotiations we should turn all those people loose on the Just-us Department so Porky's southern belle can see what a revolution really looks like. Talking about "Give Peace a Chance" is just idiocy without talking about the social and economic system that has come to depend on wars as its very life-blood. It's like trying to talk to Hitler about peace—there won't be any until the war economy is abolished altogether, once and for all.

I am talking about revolution, and as Mao said "A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be refined, so leisurely and gently, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another." This is what all our talk has come to; and those people among us who are seriously interested in the possibility of "all power to the people," who are committed to changing the conditions in which they now live, transforming the present system into a humane, just, free social order which will truly serve the people, all of those people are going to have to come to terms with the objective reality of the situation. The next few years are not going to be as easy on us as the last few were—some of us are going to be murdered by the government, a lot more of us are going to be jailed, the government will try to send the masses of the people of the youth Nation and the Black Nation off to concentration camps, innocent people will be killed just as in Vietnam, because this present government and the ruling class it fronts for cares about nothing besides its own selfish interests, which do not include the masses of people by any stretch of the imagination.

Dig it, because that's where it's at. History has brought us to this point, and we will take it on from here to make the people's history from now on out. The government is worried about our possible violence because they know we *should* be violent and when they see 500,000 people at Woodstock or in the streets of Washington they tremble and quake thinking of all those people organized, educated, and armed against them. And they love it when they see the people's "leaders" doing the pig's own job for them. I'm not saying we should march on Washington like that, only armed, but I'm saying that all of us had better start thinking in terms of organized violence, brothers and sisters, because the government is not going to hesitate one second to use its organized violence against us. It has never in its history hesitated to use organized violence when it suited its aims, and the pig is even farther from any hesitation now. Check it out—it's real. This social system used systematic organized violence against the Red Nation here in America [you see how they named it themselves] so they could rip off two whole continents, and they have successively used organized violence to retain control of it. But they are not invincible—our brothers in Cuba proved that, our brothers throughout South America are proving it today. Our brothers and sisters in Vietnam are proving it even while the organized slaughter continues unabated. And it is up to us to finish them off, not only for the sake of the American people but for the sake of all the people in the world who suffer under the rule of this beast.

It really is beautiful to see so many people responding to the people's call for opposition to the Nixon-Mitchell—Agnew regime, but it will be 1970 in a minute and the time for mass demonstrations once or twice a year is over. It's time to start demonstrating every day that we are determined to put an end to this shit. It's time for people to make it clear through their every action in the world that we are ready for the change, we want it now, and we will not be denied any longer. Organize and educate, organize and educate, organize and educate—and arm! It's good to go to Washington once in a while, but it is even better to bring Washington to its knees—let's get our own Nation together and let Washington come to us to find out what's going down. And you can bet they will come to us, and try to drag us away, but they'll never make it. As brother Eldridge Cleaver said one time, "there are a lot more people than there are pigs," and history is with the people. Right on! The next time those pigs start oinking about "violence," don't argue, just plug 'em right between the eyes. All Power to the People! Panther Power to the Youth International Party! Long Live the Woodstock Nation!

John Sinclair, Political Prisoner/Pig Nation
Youth International Party
Marquette Prison, 22 December 1969

Innuendo!

Martin Strings
do not work
(to the best of our knowledge)
in most yo-yo's
Try 'em on your guitar

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Produced by DENIS O'DELL · Directed by JOSEPH McGRATH · Executive Producers HENRY T. WEINSTEIN & ANTHONY B. UNGER
Screenplay by TERRY SOUTHERN, JOSEPH McGRATH & PETER SELLERS · From the novel by TERRY SOUTHERN
Music by KEN THORNE · Color by TECHNICOLOR® Released by COMMONWEALTH UNITED
Original Sound Track Album On Commonwealth United Records "Come and Get It" by PAUL McCARTNEY

fred's jury

[Continued from Page 9.]

witness stand that "we discussed who we thought had fired the first shot...it was my original contention that Brenda Harris had...I now feel that Mark Clark fired the first shot...through the door, and the shot lodged in the hallway."

This was Groth's most interesting and revealing change in testimony. The day after the raid, he was very definite that it was "a girl [presumably Brenda Harris] on a bed holding a shotgun" who initiated a "hail of gunfire" that met policemen as they came through the door and erupted into a "raging gunbattle" [in which, by Groth's most recent testimony, the occupants of the apartment fired a total of five shots without managing to hit anyone].

The problems with the new account of things are numerous. The alleged shot which allegedly lodged in the hallway managed to do so without leaving any traces in the hallway itself. "Expert" in residence John M. Sadunas, a firearms examiner for the police department, testified that the police had not found the slugs or pellets from any of the five shots the Panthers are supposed to have fired.

But the advantages of the new story are also obvious. Mark Clark is dead; and dead men tell no tales.

Groth's further testimony bristles with marks of inconsistency, incompetence and outright stupidity. According to Groth, none of the guns confiscated from the apartment were ever checked for fingerprints. At one point in his testimony, Gerber asked Groth a complex question to which he replied, "No." Gerber, not understanding which part of his question was being answered, asked, "No what?" Groth pondered for a moment, then replied, "No, SIR!"

Like Gerber, Groth is a man who could be humorous—except for the leading role he played in the attack. At Fred Hampton's funeral, SCLC leader Ralph Abernathy declared that it was an attack in which "The black community is the target, and the Black Panther Party is the bulls-eye." This statement was substantiated during the testimony of a black plain-clothesman who stood outside during the raid. Lynwood Harris said that he was afraid of being mistaken for a "citizen" by the other police called to the building.

But the faith of our blue-ribbon citizens is not shaken. They are wise men, perceptive men. Two lawyers, two doctors, a social science professor, and a retired railroad car porter. They can render truth out of falsehood and ignore the fact that no witnesses testified on behalf of the Panthers because they have to preserve their case for the County Grand Jury which is contemplating attempted murder indictments against the seven survivors of the raid.

"Rotten people, the whole bunch is rotten people," says Iberia Hampton. And she is right, as everyone should have known long before she said it. "They're no good." And it's true. They were well chosen. Despite a law requiring that all members of a coroner's jury come from the vicinity of the place of death, the government was taking no chances. None of these men come from the community to which Fred Hampton and his fellow Panthers had been providing free breakfasts for children, free clothing, free medical care. They had not been infected by any experience of the Panthers' practice, and it did not strike them as strange that the Panthers engage in wild gunfights armed either with blanks or disappearing bullets.

"If a pig breaks into my house," said Chaka Wells, Black Panther Deputy Minister of Information on a tape played at the inquest, "I'm gonna treat him like a criminal."

Mark Clark and Fred Hampton never got the chance. But the police did get a chance to prove that they fully deserved such treatment.

And their blue ribbon friends. The Gerbers. Now they have had the chance to dispel any remaining illusions that there can be justice for any Black Panther or any black person fighting for liberation in this country.

History Set Aright
Hazards Without Road Salt
Records, Tapes, & Discounts
Welfare News Inadequate
BOOKS
Youths To Be Feted
Come on in!
Action, Please!

Dominant young woman very attractive age 26 37-24-37 living now in Paris but planning to travel, wants meetings with young men, women and couples in need of discipline, correction, etc. Transvestites and those wishing to act as maids welcome to write. Photo a must. Will answer all who send detailed letter and instructions. See photo.

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PRODIGAL POWERS
OF POT

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Trashman

[Continued from Page 5.]

Argus: What should we talk about? Anything?
TRASHMAN: Just that actions, besides being organizing tools, they feel extremely good!
TRASHWOMAN: Yeah, it's really outasite. Like the ROTC building, the one thing that was just amazing was hearing all of a sudden the first window break, and then hearing different windows break each in a different tone of shattering.
TRASHMAN: And seeing your brothers and sisters scampering all over the building with bricks and seeing bricks going through windows.
TRASHWOMAN: It was so beautiful, so esthetically pleasing. Definitely. And afterwards you just feel so good.
TRASHMAN: There's in one sense a feeling of solidarity, between the people who do that and then going off and talking about it.
Argus: I felt it in Washington, just such a great feeling at the Justice Department—and the windows fucking *break*, you know?
TRASHMAN: Yeah!
TRASHWOMAN: Right—it's just something that you think is going to be very hard to do, but at the same time very important to do. Even though you're just really scared, it's something that you have to do and you're going to have a
you're going to have to do a lot more things, too. It's just a really good feeling.
TRASHMAN: It also brings the people in the cadre a lot more together than they've ever been.
Argus: Also puts the Libs right where they're at, too. Like in the Daily with their absurd columns. I read one that said, "It's just childish, it's not going to hurt the system". All this shit, man, just really puts them right where they're at. Just exposes them completely. That's great. Oughta trash the Daily.
TRASHMAN: Yeah, I think a lot of liberals come up with the comment that something like this isn't going to smash imperialism and that there's no real relation, it's just a childish and infantile act. But we see it not only as an organizing tool but something that is doing real material damage. The fact that by attacking a lot of marines and army and navy people not only here but on campuses all over the country, even the marines themselves have admitted that they're having a lot of trouble getting officers now because they can't come on campuses, and that cuts down on a whole field of possible people that they can get. It's like there's definitely some material damage, though it's not going to destroy imperialism tomorrow or the next day. There is certain subtle-type damage done to these corporations, because there are certain campuses that they can't come to. You know, we do see ourselves as part of a national and international struggle. And as it escalates, and as there's more organizing and education, a lot of these corporations and military will go to less and less places and have a lot more difficulty in recruiting. ROTC'll have a lot more trouble getting windows as the campaigns go on.
TRASHWOMAN: Yeah, but in real terms, right now these actions function as a symbol in that people are going to have to realize that these are white kids smashing windows, they're not black kids who live in a ghetto, but they're white kids and they're doing it for reasons, too, which is something that is just beginning to happen in this country.
Argus: Especially in this city.
TRASHWOMAN: Right. And the high schools.
Argus: It's like, this has always been a white man's University, and it's like the Black Students Union is so completely non-progressive, like they have their teach-ins and stuff, and it's really disgusting just to see the way that the whole thing is set up. Developing the street journal is gonna be a very important part of it, too because it raises people's consciousness and gives them something they can relate to, too.
TRASHWOMAN: Oh, the Street Journal should explain actions, should explain the politics behind actions because, they're very often not visible in a trashing action. And it should also try and tie actions together and put them in an anti-imperialist and anti-racist framework, too, and in a really groovy way, too.
Argus: Yeah, people are really relating to it, like around here, like greasers and stuff?
TRASHMAN: Yeah. It's also important that high school kids in Ann Arbor have up to now been putting out their own paper and they've been having hassles distributing in their school and, uh, the idea was brought up that if they're not accepted that they may try just to become part of the street journal and distribute it back at their school, and that would be a big step forward.
Argus: Yeah, especially with high school kids contributing to it, you know. That'd be outasite. There's something really wierd about talking into a microphone. It seems like you talking to "it" and not to the people. I don't know. Is there anything else to talk about? I guess we could...just, uh—watch out, ROTC.
TRASHMAN: And Power to the People. Seize the Time.
Spirit: YIP YIP YIP!!
[General laughter.]

venceremos

[Continued from Page 5.]

cut a million. It drizzled off and on all afternoon, and the next day it was windier and colder, especially on the trucks. We worked in about three layers of clothes apiece. By Friday morning, 9 Jan., we had only 15,000 to go. The new cane was light, but straight and thick and easy to cut. Many comrades with fevers and injuries worked one day, half a day, as much as they could. One group of sturdy brigade members cut 11,000 arrobas that first afternoon – an incredible feat. Friday was easy. The Vietnamese came and cut 3,000 of the last 15,000 themselves. When the PA system announced a special brigade meeting for 8 pm, we all knew why – we had made the million a day early.

One million, thirty–one thousand arrobas had been hauled to the mill.

Camp director Javier Ardizones made the official announcement, his normal poke face wreathed in smiles, and commented on its importance;

"There is no task a revolutionary can't fulfill. We must have trust in man's will and man's effort. This news will be heard around the world. One group will receive it with great joy, another with deep concern."

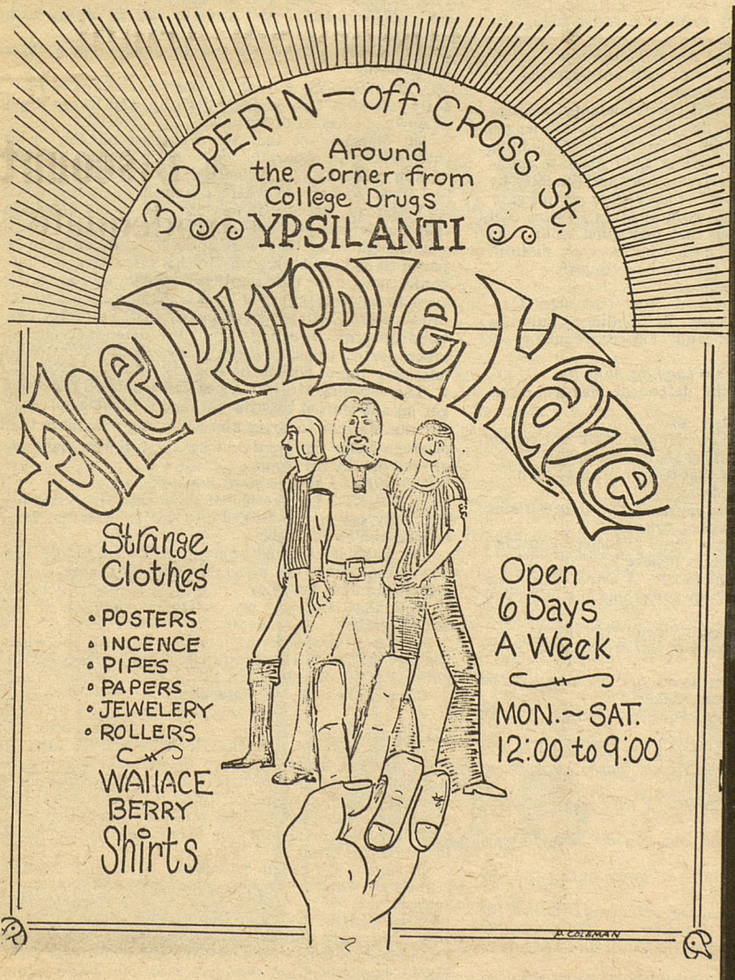
Brigade members were on their feet, chanting "Los diez millones van" – [We'll make the ten million].

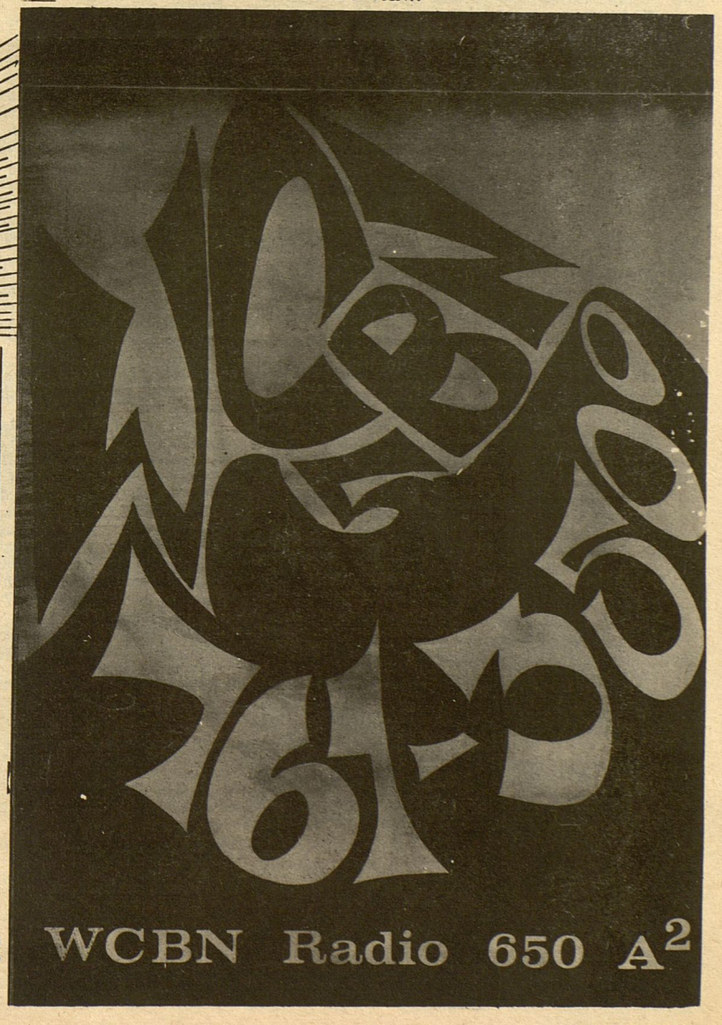
We celebrated our own great joy with Cuban cocktails – the first ever seen in the camp. The official celebration took place on Monday, 12 Jan., because Saturday was the national baseball finals, and even the Venceremos Brigade can't preempt TV time from the World Series.

On Monday, the shaggy "Guerrillas of Bolivia" [our cane–cutting friends from the tobacco industry] and a very efficient national TV crew descended on the camp for a live broadcast. Our millionaire brigade banner was presented to elected Brigade representative Joseph Kelvin, a black community organizer from Oakland, by Jaime Crombet, first secretary of the Union of Young Communists. Capt. Nguyen Van Dao of the National Liberation Front also presented an NLF flag.

Then fireworks, more rum [on which the members of both millionaire brigades got thoroughly borracho] and a party and dancing until 1 am.

Meanwhile, we will continue to work for another week, before beginning our two–week tour of Cuba. We've made a larger contribution to the harvest than anyone expected. But there are eight and a half million arrobas of sugar left to go. That's about another 5.5 billion arrobas of cane. Our effort must be made another 5,000 times – and it will be. LOS DIEZ MILLONES VAN!!





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repression conference

[Continued from Page 2.]

Douglass then read the incredible litany of Black Panther victims of the genocidal war being waged by the Amerikkkan Justus Department, which included 19 Panthers in the last year alone, most recently Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago. Black Panther offices have been firebombed, shot up, and attacked by pigs in Los Angeles, Chicago, Oakland, San Francisco, New York, Omaha, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit, etcetc.

Panthers are continually arrested for being Black Panthers, as in New York where 22 members of the Party were charged with conspiracy to blow up department stores and the Bronx Botanical Gardens and given bonds of $100,000 each. Bobby Seale has only about thirty more days in jail in California before he will be shipped to Connecticut for trial along with 14 others [including Erika Huggins, wife of slain Panther John Huggins] in a murder frame-up. Huey P. Newton is still a political prisoner in Oakland.

But Douglass insisted that repression of the Black Panther Party will not succeed. "You can kill a revolutionary, but you can't kill the revolution."

"All Power to the People!"

—Bob Kundus
Neal Bush

BERETS

[Continued from Page 2.]

Since the bust, these brothers have been busy getting their cases together and fighting the constant shit that comes down. Gary Wilson was framed for possession of reefer in mid-November when pigs planted three joints in his Red Book. The Berets are frequently stopped and checked out by the pigs. Gary was once near the scene of an armed robbery which he had nothing to do with and was subsequently attacked by a squad of eight friendly oinkers with pulled guns. He got away alive only because a sympathetic witness was nearby.

The Ann Arbor Six are restrained by court order to stay in Ann Arbor. There is an acute need for funds to pay a lawyer who can ably defend the Berets.

The Beret trials up to now have consisted of pre-trial hearings and arraignment of the six defendants. Judge S.J. Elden, who has presided at the City Hall court sessions, is by far the most racist honk judge in Ann Arbor. It's no mistake that this Magoo is used to perpetuate judicial injustice and the lie of constitutional rights for oppressed people.

The arraignment of Gary Wilson took place in Judge John Conlin's County Courtroom Circus, and was accompanied by the presence of thirty armed pigs (led by Sheriff Hog Harvey). Their smell extended to the courtroom itself, where the 100 people who packed the court got a whiff of pigstink.

The Ann Arbor SDS collective has been active in organizing actions around the trial and plans to continue support for the Ann Arbor Six. They understand that there is indeed a national racist plot by the Amerikkkan kourt system to obliterate all meaningful challenges to the pig power structure. All supporters of the Berets are urged to pack the courtroom on Feb. 11 when the next court session takes place.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Harvey and his punks are stockpiling arms along the order of M-16's and AR-15's. The Holy Ghost Seminary, on Washtenaw near Ypsi, has been transformed into an anti-riot arms depot, pig mobilizing center, and helicopter pad for Harvey's aerial reconnaissance fleet. The pig repression accelerates and will inevitably be met by the armed and disciplined retaliation of the people. They may think they have crushed the opposition of the People's Army, but the Black Berets and all other liberation forces have ways of dealing with the pig that the pig has not even dreamed of.

kkk

[Continued from Page 5.]

went home. When the meeting broke up several hours later, there were only about ten of them left, people who apparently didn't have anything else to do.

Anyway, Shelton spent most of his time speaking about how Big Government is running people's lives, specifically forcing racial integration on Southern schools. "Those liberal senators, like Muskie and McCarthy and Percy and that Lifeguard-Teddy Kennedy, tell us that we have to send our kids to school with black children while their own children are all enrolled in lily-white, high-priced private schools," Shelton explained.

While Shelton attacked the Democratic and Republican parties, President Nixon, Vice-President Agnew and the FBI, he staunchly defended what he called "The American Way."

"The Ku Klux Klan is as American as apple pie," he says. And according to the Wizard, the KKK will be a "household word in every state, city and town within the next few years." Spiro who?

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Piss

[Continued from Page 5.]

they become extraordinarily bad, they are brought to Your Honor's attention, which we have done perhaps a dozen times.

Today, as I walked back to the counsel table – this morning as I walked back Rubin was making additional comments to me and I did as I stated to Your Honor, simply pointed to the bathroom, and then **he told me that he was going to do it on me.** That is what he said. Then we—instead of going to the bathroom. That was the colloquy. I said nothing.

[The defense table, all the spectators, and half the marshals are laughing.]

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you maintain order, please, at that table!
MR. SCHULTZ: I said nothing, and I sat down and then Mr. Rubin said what he said to Your Honor and I responded, and in my response I made this reference.
THE COURT: Shut up, Mr. Davis. Shut up!
A DEFENDANT: Don't touch him.
THE MARSHAL: Nobody is touching him. You shut up too, Mr. Dellinger.
MR. DELLINGER: You don't have to say to shut up.
THE MARSHAL: I have been telling you all day.
MR. SCHULTZ: That little colloquy is typical of what has been happening...That is the device that they use, that is the device they use against authorities and they have been trying it on Your Honor for the last three and a half months and have found it very unsuccessful. They succeeded with me momentarily this morning.

Now the comment that I made I think should be stricken. I think it should be stricken. I want to point out, though, for the record that comment was belated, it should have been said perhaps three months ago out of the presence of the jury...I suggest to Your Honor that what you do very simply is when the jury comes in, very simply instruct them to disregard the colloquy...and that we proceed with the trial.

MR. WEINGLASS: ...The Government concedes it was improper, it was wrong, that the jury shouldn't have heard it. But the Government thinks that in spite of all those facts which it concedes, that this jury trial can continue, and I submit that it cannot. This is such a highly improper, such a high prejudicial flagrant disregard of the rules that I don't think this jury, having heard an Asst. United States Attorney proclaim in open court –
THE COURT: Don't reargue it!
Mr. WEINGLASS: –that defendants have been engaged–
THE COURT: You said you were going to take a minute to reply. I am ready to decide this motion and to act appropriately.
MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, if I take a few more minutes longer than a minute, I don't think that–
THE COURT: Don't tell me you are going to take a minute and then take five minutes! I want to move along here!
MR. WEINGLASS: May I make a request for another four minutes?
MR. KUNSTLER: It was exactly a minute and a half.
THE COURT: I don't need your help here, Mr. Kunstler. Your associate is making a motion. When I need your help I will call on you.
MR. KUNSTLER: He wasn't keeping the time, Your Honor.
THE COURT: He didn't call on you for help. He didn't even look at you.
MR. KUNSTLER: I sensed his call somehow.
THE COURT: Sometimes your calls are senseless.
THE MARSHAL: Mr. Hoffman–
THE COURT: The motion of the defendants for a mistrial will be denied and in denying that motion let me say that yesterday I entered an order here forbidding the defendants from going out at their pleasure ostensibly to what has been referred to not infrequently by counsel as – "the bathroom" I have never sat in a case where lawyers mention that word as often. I wonder if you, Mr. Marshal, can keep that man quiet while I am speaking! I am trying to decide his lawyer's motion! Please go to him and tell him to keep quiet!!
THE MARSHAL: Mr. Dellinger–
THE COURT: Let the record show that after I requested the Marshal to keep Mr. Dellinger quiet he laughed right out again out loud. The record may so indicate.
MR. DELLINGER: And he is laughing now, too.
THE MARSHAL: And the defendant Hayden, Your Honor.
THE COURT: Mr. Hayden, also.
MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, Your Honor, there is a certain amount of humor when talking about a bathroom–
THE COURT: Oh, I know that is your favorite reply.
MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed too.
MR. KUNSTLER: But people can't help it sometimes, Your Honor. You have laughed yourself.
THE COURT: I really have come to believe you can't help yourself. I have come to believe it.
MR. KUNSTLER: But that is true. A whole courtroom full of people laugh when I say something and when you say something.
THE COURT: What I am saying is not very funny.
MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you are so ultra–sensitive to laughter.
THE COURT: Will you sit down and not interrupt the court when a decision is being made?!!!

All I ask from you, sir, is simple manners. I don't reach the question of law.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but Your Honor, when you make a joke and the courtroom laughs, nobody is thrown out.
THE COURT: Just sit down. I have not made any jokes.
MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you do from time to time.
THE COURT: I asked you to sit down during the rendering of this decision, sir!!

Let the record show that the defendants—rather, the defendants' counsel, Mr. Kunstler, on two occasions here refused to sit down when the Court directed him to sit down.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, that's not fair, Your Honor.
MR. WEINGLASS: He sat down, on both occasions, Your Honor. I must object to that.
MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down on both occasions.
THE COURT: [red with rage] I mean right now, in this decision.
MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down.
THE COURT: You did finally after I urged you.
MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, that is not a fair characterization.
THE COURT: Will you sit down?!!
MR. WEINGLASS: Mr. Kunstler did sit down both times.
THE COURT: I didn't ask you to stand. I am giving a decision, sir!
MR. WEINGLASS: I think it should be on the record–
THE COURT: I am giving a decision, and if you don't sit down—he has sat down now.

Mr. Marshal, see that Mr. Weinglass remains in his chair while the Court is rendering a decision on this motion made by Mr. Weinglass.

I must go back to where I started.

Yesterday, because it was brought to my attention that the defendants, and several of them, have, when it was thought that they were going to what has been referred to as "the bathroom" in this case, went out into conferences in the hall, to other rooms in the courthouse even to another courtroom, which is contrary to the order of the Court, and because of that, yesterday I entered an order directing that if the defendants had to make use of toilet facilities, they use the one to my left, over there, where the door is.

This morning Mr. Rubin flagrantly violated the order, got up and started to walk out, and it became necessary for the Marshal to bring him back, and it is more than passing strange that he didn't use the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

MR. RUBIN: I have to go to the bathroom.
THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Rubin immediately got up and walked into the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

Oh, I've been through something like this before, but not often, not in the many years on the bench have I seen such circus behavior.

Now that was, as I say, a flagrant violation of the Court's order.

I repeat, I deny the motion for a mistrial, and when the jury comes in, I shall direct the jury to disregard the remarks of Mr. Schultz.

Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal...

And so it goes. "Teach" Hoffman and his band of stool pigeons, signs of a ship of state floundering on the rocks of its own contradictions. Julius Hoffman's conduct would be pitiful or funny if his power was not so absolute; the Bobby Seale severance shows that each time he calls a defendant's or a lawyer's name can mean three months in jail.

In school it's called detention. In court it's called contempt, which is another way to say preventive detention.

THE COURT will have the last laugh unless he flips out completely and MR. MARSHAL has to drag his screaming, cackling eminence from the top of the desk. Here's hoping we get the chance to yell, "There goes 'the Judge'."

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NOW

MONDAY, FEB. 9

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY, pianist, U of M Choral Union Series,Hill Auditorium, 8:30, tickets $2.50 to $7

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11

ENACT--environmental teach-in--thru Feb. 14
"CONDEMNED OF ALTONA", based on a play by Sartre, a psychological study of a Nazi after WWII. Radical Film Series, Canterbury House $1.00
HOOT--the Ark, 8:30, $.50

THURSDAY, FEB. 12

"THE CONCEPT"--Off-Broadway Show, U of M Creative Arts Festival, 8:00, $2.75
ENACT--environmental teach-in--movies at Alice's Restaurant
"THE WIZARD OF OZ" and "PETER AND THE WOLF", Ann Arbor Junior Light Opera, 8:00, Adults $1.50, Children, $1.00

FRIDAY, FEB. 13

"THE CONCEPT"--U of M Creative Arts Festival. see Feb. 12. 7:15 & 10:00
DAVID ACKLES Canterbury House, doors open 8:00, first show at 9.
ANDY WALLACE and JOHN EBERHARDT at The Ark, doors open 8:30, show at 9, $1.25
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"--Walt Disney version at Alice's Restaurant, 8 & 10, $.50

SATURDAY, FEB. 14

PAM OSTERGREN, at Alice's Restaurant, 9:00 $.50
ROSSINI'S "BARBER OF SEVILLE" performed by the Canadian Opera Company, U of M Choral Union Series, Hill Auditorium, 8:30, tickets $2.50 to $7.00
ANDY WALLACE and JOHN EBERHARDT, The Ark, see Feb. 13
DAVID ACKLES, Canterbury House, See Feb. 13

SUNDAY, FEB. 15

TOM WOLFE, author of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, lecture and workshop, 3:00 pm, Hill Auditorium, $1.25
DAVID ACKLES, Canterbury House, see Feb. 13

TUESDAY, FEB. 17

DANZAS VENEZUELA, U of M Dance Series, Hill Auditorium, 8:30, tickets,$2 to $6

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18

Radical Film Series, Canterbury House
HOOT, the Ark, 8:30, $.50

THURSDAY, FEB. 19

JOHN BIGGERS, Black Artist--Slide Lecture, Angell Hall Aud. B, 8:30, $1.00
ANDRES SEGOVIA, classical guitarist, U of M Choral Union Series, 8:30, tickets $2.50-$7, Hill Auditorium

FRIDAY, FEB. 20

MILES DAVIS and RON CARTER, U of M Creative Arts Festival--Jazz Festival. 8:30 Hill Auditorium, $3.25
"THE MYSTERIOUS MR' WONG", movie at Alice's Restaurant, 8 & 10, $.50
LORING JANES--The Ark, doors open 8:30, show 9:00, $1.25

SATURDAY, FEB. 21

CANNONBALL ADDERLY, WILLIAM FISCHER and ALVIN BATISTE--U of M Creative Arts Festival -- Jazz Festival. Hill Auditorium, 8:30. $3.25
LORING JANES--The Ark, see Feb. 20. Also: After Hours, $.50
JON SUNDELL, Alice's Restaurant, 9:00, $.50

SUNDAY, FEB. 22

JOSEPH STRICK, Director of Ulysses. Rushes from "Tropic of Cancer", Natural Science Auditorium 2:00 pm, $1.50

CONTINUING EVENTS

U of M CREATIVE ARTS FESTIVAL
Feb. 6-22

ENACT--Environmental Teach-in, Feb. 11-14

"HARVEY", performances by the Phoenix Theatre, Mon-Sat. eves, Feb. 2-14, matinees Thurs., Sat. Feb. 5, 7, 12, 14.
Tickets: Mon-Thurs eve & all Matinees: $3.50 - $6.00
Fri. & Sat. eves: $4.50 to $7.00
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CHINA GATE
HOUSE OF BAMBOO
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FREE EVENTS [Continued from Page 8.]

TUESDAY, FEB. 10

CLASSICAL MUSIC--live performance at the Ark, 8:00

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11

UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Josef Blatt, conductor, Angel Reyes, violin soloist. Beethoven Program: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) and Violin Concerto

THURSDAY, FEB. 12

T-LAB, first meeting of a four-week series. First come, first served basis--limited enrollment. The Ark, 8:00

FRIDAY, FEB. 13

UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CHOIR, Thomas Hilbish, conductor, Hill Auditorium, 8:00

SATURDAY, FEB. 14

FOLK MUSIC WORKSHOP with ANDY WALLACE AND JOHN EBERHARDT, The Ark, 1:00 pm

MONDAY, FEB. 16

COMPOSERS FORUM, Jack Fortner, Sidney Hodkinson, conductors. A concert of new music by U of M student composers. School of Music Recital Hall, 8:00

TUESDAY, FEB. 17

CLASSICAL MUSIC--live performance at the Ark, 8:00

FRIDAY, FEB. 20

MICHIGAN CHAMBER ENSEMBLE, Theo Alcantara, Conductor, Rackham Lecture Hall, 8:00
CANTERBURY HOUSE--Open House

SATURDAY, FEB. 21

FOLK MUSIC WORKSHOP with LORING JANES The Ark, 1:00 pm
CANTERBURY HOUSE--Open House

Anyone who is planning an event he would like listed in the calendar, please contact Barb at 761-8493

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years being someone's idea of a compromise] meant that he had been "charged with making a couple of pigs act in a desired manner." When Assistant U.S. attorney Schultz pressed for a statement that would have had Bobby advocating slaughtering cops, Bobby replied that the dead officers' attack on Huey had been unjust and that "the desired manner is that he's not brutalizing them no more."

Heavier exchange went down around the portion of the speech which called for arming with M1s, pistols, magnums, and whatever else that might be used to "start barbecuing some pork." After a rap with Garry in the "consultation room" [the lock-up, which also serves as the defendants' bathroom now that Hoffman has barred them from leaving the courtroom for any reason], Bobby took the Fifth Amendment. Garry explained that taking this line out of the context of the whole speech and the whole historical experience of the black liberation struggle would force Bobby to cast an aura of guilt on himself if he replied to Schultz's questions. For those of you who have been in the ozone for the last six months, Bobby will be retried on conspiracy charges before Hoffman this coming April.

Like nearly every other defense witness, Bobby was not allowed to talk about the reasons for his organization or his actions. He could not discuss the 10 Point Program or the Free Breakfast and Medical Aid programs which the Panthers have initiated across the country. He could not say who Fred Hampton was. He could not discuss the nuances of ghetto language, even though more and more linguists are publishing papers in scholarly journals which characterize the speech of the colony as a semi-distinct tongue. [Tape record a half hour of yourself talking, play it back for your grandfather, and see how much the slang and vibration he gets right. It's even more intense with inner-city riffing.]

Worst of all, when the judge said, "You may go, Mr. Witness," Bobby was not reaping the benefits of a Hoffman edict freeing all political prisoners. Bobby was ushered from the courtroom to a chorus of right ons! and power to the peoples! by two negro marshals, who rushed along a restricted hallway down a special elevator, and into a van which hurtled out of the garage under the Federal Building toward Cook County Jail. A few of us were there to shake our fists goodbye, but it was a poor substitute for taking Bobby out to dinner. After all, everyone knows that roast pork is better than bologna.

Bobby is on his way back to California to await extridition to Connecticut, where he will join much of the New Haven chapter in facing a suspicious conspiracy-to-murder indictment. He has a four-year term to serve, thanks to Judge Hoffman. He has to come back Chicago-way for another go-around with Hoffman. He has a California conviction for toting a shotgun on a sidewalk adjoining a jail, which Garry is working hard to reverse.

Bobby has had it piled on. He's seen his friends, brothers and partners shot down and exiled. He's seen the Party attacked. He's been separated from his wife and kid. He may spend a long time in the can. But Bobby is still a mojo-man, still has that magic sparkle. The best sketch man in the courtroom, the guy who draws for CBS, said that Bobby looked like he'd stepped out of a Rembrandt painting. Few men can do six months in prison and emerge looking like great art. Then again, Bobby is a great artist, because he knows that art is how you live more than what you do with pencils or typewriter.

They may have him on ice, but Bobby's soul will inspire a thousand Bobby Seales to take his place and bring him on home.

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NARCS

[Continued from Page 4.]

medium height, 23-25 years old, stocky, with a black moustache and greased back dark black hair, with pimples. He is a junkie, and as a paid informer, supports his habit by busting people. He has Mafia connections, from whom he scores his dope to deal. He was busted for smack two years back, and to save his skin turned fink. He usually wears a black stocking cap and an army jacket. Three weeks ago, he alone busted 14 people in Farmington--one teenage girl has already been sentenced to 8 months in Detroit House of Correction and 5 years probation, and there are reports of other such big busts that he engineered in other parts of the state. He has lived in Ann Arbor all his life, and two years ago spent some time in Ypsilanti State Hospital.

In EVERY single instance mentioned above, with the exception of the car arrest, he was seen in and around the premises shortly before the raids happened. He is a dangerous criminal.

He lives with his sister, at 1560 Woodland [near Pioneer High School], and his home phone number is 761-0164.

A second dangerous narcotics agent is CHARLES HARRIS. He is black, around 25 years old, 5'5" tall, stocky, and works in his spare time as a city garbage collector. He was busted a year ago for possession and sale of narcotics, and to stay out of jail informs on other people, many of whom are his friends.

His phone number is not known, but his address is 144 E. Hoover.

The third agent Argus has been able to determine is a state policeman, whose real name is Jerry Bolder, but who goes by the name of Jerry Bolt.

He is about 6'4", with reddish brown hair and sideburns. He is in reality about 37, but looks around 25. He weighs 220 pounds, and sports a small moustache. He was also a participant in many of the above busts, and was the leader of the Whistle Stop bust earlier this fall.

He is currently operating out of the Ypsi State Police post, but his home post is in Redford, Michigan. He is ARMED as well as dangerous.

There will be a meeting of all persons interested in self-defense, stemming from the need shown by the pig warfare, at Canterbury House 11 Feb. [Wednesday], and plans are being made to confront the next City Council meeting this Monday, 16 Feb. SEIZE THE TIME, OFF THE SLIME!

ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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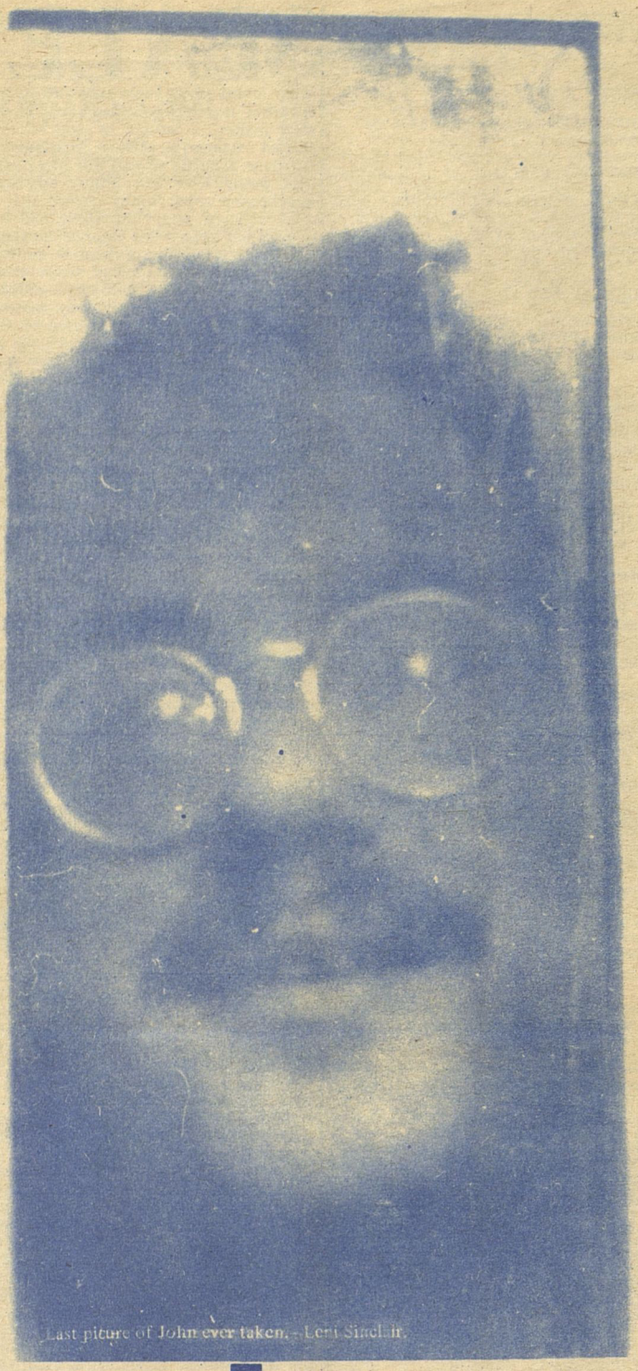

Last picture of John ever taken. - Leni Sinclair.

nix-on

Some Notes on Violence, Language and the 2nd American Revolution

By JOHN SINCLAIR

[Note: The first part of these notes was written just before the November 15th demonstration in Washington and has been kept intact in terms of verb tenses and other tensions which were indigent in the writing of that day, roughly November 13-14. The remainder of the writing was done the first week in December, 1969.

"Violence is as American as apple pie."
—Brother Rap Brown—

For the past two weeks the newspapers have been full of talk of "violence" at the Washington demonstrations this weekend—all of it issuing from the snouts of the Just-us Department officials and their lackeys in the national mass media. The demonstration "leaders" have fallen all over themselves denouncing any possible "violence" or "violent" people who may accidentally turn up in their midst, going so far as to promise that they will turn over any "violent" elements to the police for rapid processing and quick elimination from the lawful body of peaceful protesters. The government itself has staged a massive display of force, bringing in thousands of troops and listing publicly its vast legions of police and other armed forces available in case of "violence" so the alleged Great Silent Majority will be able to rest safely in their armchairs and Serta Perfect Sleepers over the weekend, snug and secure in their beliefs that any "violent" commies at the Great March will be dealt with swiftly and mercilessly. In the background, on the golf courses of Florida and in the television room of the appropriately-named White House waiting for the football game to come on, Howdy Doody Nixon and Clarabelle Mitchelle honk their little honko horns and squirt each other with seltzer water and pray that some young whippersnapper of the ranks of the "effete snobs" will cock a limp wrist at one of the government piggies and invite the massacre, so they can get on television Sunday night and deplore the whole unfortunate operation.

The myth of "violence" is one of the biggest ruses perpetrated on the people of Babylon USA. The most violent government in the history of the world, the most brutal and arrogant collection of imperialists that ever existed, has the nerve to talk about violence which may or may not be used against them or, more properly speaking at this point, against their precious property. And the really disgusting thing about this whole "violence" ruse is that the so-called leaders of the anti-war contingent fall for the pig's bait and stumble all over each other begging the power structure's forgiveness in advance for any possible "violence" that might occur, or that someone—some terrible person—in their midst might possibly dream about in his sleep. These fools prostrate themselves at the feet of the Just-us Department and beg for some drippings from the pig's trough, oinking and squealing right along with the head hog when he starts grunting about "violence."

Thus the Big Pigs get two victories for the price of one [which price, of course, is not even exacted of them but is paid by their victims]: they conduct the whole discussion; and they bring the fearful spectre of "violence" into a situation which has in reality no "violent" undertones, no decent possibility of "violence," but which is now made to appear to be wholly a question of "violence" [by the demonstrators] vs. "non-violence" [by the government]. The spectators in this great media event, the GSM, are made to see the whole question precisely as the government wants and needs them to see it, that is, those dirty commies and impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals, those pointy-headed bastards who don't work or fight or get haircuts or take baths or pay taxes, were going to invade our Nation's capital, I mean Capitol, and try to tear down the White House and assassinate the Pres and the dear old Veep and the Washington Memorial probably and the statue of Lincoln too, and smash all the store windows downtown for no reason at all, and everything, but our Leaders made them back down before they even came and even got those ones that aren't so bad to shut up those awful Weatherboys and Black Panthers and made them promise that they would be good or else they'll be discarded like rotten apples from a barrel. You can never trust them to keep their word, though, and that nice Mr. Mitchell has made sure that they won't get violent by calling in some of our boys in the Army and the National Guard to keep them in their place. Why, they're getting worse than those niggers, Lucy, they're just so violent and all...

I don't mean to say that all the people buy Nixon's and Mitchell's bag of pigshit, because I'm more confident than ever now that the broad masses of the people—the real great silent majority as opposed to the right-wing bunch that tried to elect Goldwater five years ago and exposed themselves once and for all as the farthest thing imaginable from a "majority" of anything—are getting hip to the blatant newspeak doubletalk and naked media manipulation this Nix-on administration has been pushing. And the population as a whole is being polarized more and more every day, which to any revolutionary is not a bad thing but a good thing because it means that the contradictions in this bogus society are being heightened and people are taking sides, realizing that if they aren't part of the solution then they're part of the problem, which is right on now as in any other period of history. Revolution is the only solution to this mess, and the quicker the population polarizes the closer we'll get to the decisive struggle which will determine the destiny of this place.

But for all the people who are beginning to see through the government's mask of capitalist respectability, there are other people who are getting deeper into the fantasy and who are getting ready, at the urging of their government, for the Big Snuff. These are the people Spiro is speaking to—and getting cheered by—when he talks of separating the rotten apples from the rest of the barrel and predicts the "witch-hunting and repression that are inevitable" in this type of situation. Which only means for those of you who are still on the street—they've already got me locked up—that the time is getting nearer when you'll have to choose between the concentration camps and the gun. But I'm getting ahead of myself...

What the government accomplishes, then, when they create phony issues and situations like the one this weekend, is to stop the real message of these demonstrations from getting to the masses. The issue of the war in Vietnam is replaced by the issue of "violence" in the Capitol, and in the process the government covers up the naked fact that more and more and more and more people are joining the "effete corps of impudent snobs" in protesting not only the continuance of the war but the additional crime of trying to pretend that it's not really going on any longer, that somehow it's being brought to a close by Howdy Doody the peaceful pres, and if only the protesters would stay at home, get a haircut and a job, fly the flag and leave their headlights on all day the war would end tomorrow, and "honorable peace" would be negotiated, the "communist aggression" would be checked, and we could carry on business as usual around the globe. And if only these protesters would stop threatening our nations capitol with violence and giving comfort to the enemy aggressor, everything would be all right again.

The government is scared, brothers and sisters, they're quaking in their funny little shoes and pissing in their pants, and they're doing everything they know how to turn the tide of popular disgust with their pitiful antics and their bold-faced lies back upon itself. Spiro is even attacking the capitalist press now—the press which has made this war, his and Nixon's positions, and the whole social and economic scene that makes both wars and fools possible. They're getting desperate when they do that, because they're confusing the bringer of the news with the news itself, and that can be a fatal mistake. They're getting paranoid and are starting to attack their best friends, and that's a bad mistake when you're in their position, because if the press gets mad enough it'll turn on them just like it turned [if only for a minute of two] on Daley and the Chicago pigs in 1968. And at this moment in history, every crack in the massive facade, behind the mask, there's just an old wrinkled crony with big ugly warts on her face and big gaps between her yellow teeth, her hair all fallen out, bad breath, syphilis, withered-up old breast, a dried-up cunt, propping herself up with a cane and muttering to herself while the old tapes play on through the loudspeaker and the Howdy Doodys and Charlie McCarthys twitch on the ends of the strings of her purse, playing golf and babbling on tv. She's just about to cash in her last few chips but she's trying to hold on hoping for that last big hit at Las Vegas, putting that last silver dollar [which doesn't have any more silver in it, just copper and some other cheap shit] in the slot and praying for a reprieve, and now she jerks around and thinks in her delirium that the man who bankrolled her in the first place is trying to cut her off. Spiro Agnew talking about the news media turning on him, indeed! Wait until the people get the controls, you dumb goon, and then you'll have something to complain about on your way to the scaffold!

I'm sorry to deep digressing, but then it's all part of the same story anyway. The government has had the reporters and their bosses locked up for so long that it can't even stand to be interrupted by them. Nixon knows how close to the edge he is, and he's getting scared. He doesn't dare to give a speech on television without taking up all the channels, because he knows that even the most inane popular show would outdraw him in the nation's living rooms. He oinks on about how GSM supports him, while he can only show 63,000 telegrams out of 200,000,000 people and the opposition [which is not to say merely, the Democrats, but the real political opposition—

cont. pg 21

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